

SCHOOL MAGAZINE



1944

1945

Roll of Honour.



Killed in Action

Flt. Lieut. T. B. Little, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer A. D. Angus, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer C. F. Hart, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer G. H. Armstrong, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer T. T. B. Stoker, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant Air Gunner F. Hart, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant Pilot G. P. Cushing, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. H. D. S. Russel, R.C.N.V.R.
Flt. Sergeant W. S. (Billy) Piers, R.C.A.F.
Flying Officer Arthur J. Piers, R.A.F.
Surgeon Lieut. Ralph Powell, R.C.N. (Presumed dead.)
Lieut. Duncan Grant, British Columbia Regiment.
Flying Officer Peter G. Holt, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant Pilot Eric McCuaig, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer J. C. W. Hope, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant J. K. Johnston, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. Alan R. W. Robinson, The Black Watch.
Lieut. G. E. Starke, Cape Breton Highlanders.
Major C. Cassils, 22nd Armored Regiment. (Canadian Grenadier Guards)
Capt. H. E. Mackenzie, Canadian Grenadier Guards. (H.Q. Staff,
4th Armored Brigade.)
L'Cpl. G. Hanson, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.
Pilot Officer J. G. Redpath, R.C.A.F. (Killed on Active Service.)
L-AC. W. G. M. Strong, R.C.A. (Killed on Active Service.)
Flt. Lieut. J. W. F. Peacock, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. Col. S. S. T. Cantlie, The Black Watch.
Capt. Alec. C. Scrimger, South Alberta Regiment. (Rec'd.)
Lieut. W. N. (Jock) Barclay, R. Montreal Regiment. (Att. Regina
Rifles.)
Flt. Lieut. J. F. Acer, R.C.A.F.
Flt. Lieut. D. W. A. Harling, D.F.C. R.C.A.F.
Flt. Lieut. Warren M. Hale, R.C.A.F. (Presumed dead.)

Roll of Honour.

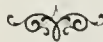


Missing

Pilot Officer J. F. Chevalier, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer Patrick C. Little, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant W/AG J. R. P. Burke, R.C.A.F.
Flt. Sergeant Philip W. Davis, R.A.F.
Flt. Sergeant J. P. C. Gordon, R.C.A.F.
Sergeant Observer P. G. Leslie, R.C.A.F.
Flt. Lieut. A. G. Byers, R.C.A.F. (Attached R.A.F.)
Flying Officer D. Ryan, R.C.A.F.
Pilot Officer J. A. (Jock) Tolmie, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. R. A. (Robin) Lindsay, The Black Watch.
Flying Officer A. D. Chapman, R.C.A.F.
Flying Officer S. O'Brien, R.C.A.F.
Warrant Officer George W. Stairs, R.C.A.F.
Squadron Leader D. Farrell, R.C.A.F.

Prisoner of War

Lieut. M. G. Mather, The Black Watch, (After Dieppe)
Lieut. Daniel Doheny, R.C.A.F. (After Dieppe)
Lieut. T. M. Barott, The Black Watch.
Lieut. D. Ll. Davies, R.C.N.V.R.
Capt. T. B. King, Kent Regiment. (M.G.)
Lieut. Commander Dunn Lantier, R.C.N.V.R.





Standing: D. Rhea, H. Markland.
Sitting: A. Powell, J. Gray, M. Magor, D. McMaster.

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

MAGAZINE

Vol. 17.

FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1944 - 1945

SCHOOL NOTES

The following Old Boys have been wounded during the past year :—

Capt. J. P. G. Kemp, The Black Watch.

* * *

Capt. David Law, The Black Watch.

* * *

Capt. W. K. G. Savage, M.C., R.C.A.

* * *

Lieut. Robin Lindsay, The Black Watch.

* * *

Major Philip H. Mackenzie, The Black Watch.

* * *

Capt. Donald Dawes, R.C.A.

* * *

Bdr. R. C. Smith, Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment.

* * *

Capt. George A. Ekers, 22nd Canadian Armored Regiment. (Canadian Grenadier Guards.)

* * *

Capt. Selby B. Stewart, The Black Watch.

* * *

Wing Commander E. A. Beardmore, R.C.A.F. has been injured on active service overseas.

* * *

Promotions, and other news items from the Services :—

Lieut. Rt. Hon. Lord Shaughnessy (Billy), 22nd Armored Regt. (Canadian Grenadier Guards) to be Captain.

* * *

Lieut. G. Perodeau, was appointed A.D.C. to Lieut. Gen. H. D. G. Crerar.

* * *

Lieut. Wilder Penfield, (No. 1 Canadian Wireless Section in Italy) to be Captain.

* * *

Sergt. Pilot Henry Gault, R.C.A.F., (Snowy Owl Squadron) to be Pilot Officer.

* * *

Major J. M. Cape, R.C.A., M.B.E., who has been serving in Italy, to be Lieut. Colonel.

* * *

Sergt. Pilot R. S. Gurd graduated last May at a Commonwealth Air Centre.

* * *

Lieut. Col. Robert Moncel was promoted to Brigadier at the age of 27 years. He was attached in France to Headquarters No. 2 Corps after being General Staff Officer at No. 1 Headquarters.

* * *

Lieut. E. Usher Jones to Lieut. Commander, after completing five years service at sea.

* * *

Lieut. E. Spafford who landed on "D" Day with an Armored Regiment, to Captain.

* * *

Harry Morgan is now a Flt. Lieut., R.A.F.T.C., India.

* * *

Lieut. David Lewis, R.C.N.V.R., has been on convoy duty in a Minesweeper, enjoying the change from Landing Craft.

* * *

Capt. J. P. G. Kemp, The Black Watch, previously reported wounded and missing but now returned to Canada, to be Major.

* * *

Sqdr. Ldr. Hugh Norsworthy, R.C.A.F., who is now back at McGill after completing two tours of operations, was awarded the D.F.C. for work with the Typhoon Wing, 2nd Tactical Airforce, in France.

* * *

Sqdr. Ldr. Jim Stewart, R.C.A.F. was awarded the D.F.C. (Moose Squadron).

* * *

Wing Comd. R. A. McLernon, R.C.A.F. was awarded the D.F.C.

* * *

Lieut. H. H. Wright, R.C.N.V.R., was wounded in Italy in May '44 and has been honourably discharged from active service.

* * *

Flt. Lieut. G. R. H. Peck, R.C.A.F., has been awarded the D.F.C.

* * *

Lieut. Col. C. M. Drury, M.B.E., has been awarded the D.S.O. and promoted to Brigadier.

* * *

Capt. W. G. F. Turpin, Canadian Grenadier Guards, has arrived in Montreal after service overseas.

* * *

Lieut. R. (Bobby) Savage, R.C.N.V.R. is a Signalling Officer (North Atlantic convoy.)

* * *

Sqdr. Ldr. D. Farrell, R.C.A.F., was mentioned in Despatches in the New Years Honour List.

* * *

Sqdr. Ldr. Dal. Russel was recently promoted to Wing Commander after three complete tours of operations. His decorations include the D.S.O. and D.F.C. and Bar.

* * *

Lieut. Egan Chambers, P.P.C.L.I., has been awarded the M.C.

* * *

Lieut. Col. W. C. Leggat, R.C.A., was promoted to Brigadier.

* * *

Major G. A. Ross, The Black Watch, who later transferred to the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, (North Africa and Italy), was awarded the D.S.O.

* * *

Capt. W. K. G. Savage was awarded the M.C.

* * *

Lieut. Selby Stewart, The Black Watch, received the Commander in Chief's certificate for gallantry on the Western front.

* * *

Interesting photographs and a description of Prison Camp life in Germany appeared in the local newspapers recently from Lieut. Daniel Doheny, reported a prisoner of war in our last issue.

* * *

Capt. F. J. Nobbs has been liaison officer attached to the R.C.A.F. in Holland.

* * *

Elliot Frost is now a Lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R.

* * *

We recently met Lieut. Roy Hastings, R.C.N.V.R. who has been on convoy duty, North Atlantic, and Lieut. David Hodgson, R.C.N.V.R. who is on leave from the Mediterranean.

* * *

We note that Sub. Lieut. E. Hutchison, R.C.N.V.R. was in H.M.C.S. St. Laurent, which was concerned in the sinking of an enemy submarine recently.

* * *

Lieut. Commander E. Harrington, R.C.N.V.R. was mentioned in Despatches.

* * *

Lieut. Donald Dodds, R.C.N.V.R. was one of the survivors of the sinking of H.M.C.S. Trentonian. He disposed of the ship's secret papers before diving into the Atlantic. His brother, Stanley, is now commissioned.

* * *

These notes dealing with Old Boys on Active Service must necessarily be incomplete. We would refer parents and others interested to the Old Boys' Notes published in recent issues of "The Record" (Trinity College School) and the B. C. S. Magazine. Here we take the opportunity of thanking the Editors for a preview of the last numbers.

Congratulations to Kent Newcomb and Geoffrey Taylor who were awarded Scholarships to Trinity College School last year.

* * *

A. R. C. Dobell, who left B.C.S. last June, obtained a First Class in his Junior Matriculation. He also won the Captain Melville Greenshields Memorial Scholarship, the Governor General's Medal, and the Sir Edward Beatty Scholarship in Mathematics at McGill.

* * *

H. G. Hallward (B.C.S.) passed the Senior Matriculation.

* * *

R. D. Giblin passed the McGill Junior Matriculation in the First Class with seven credits.

* * *

Congratulations to Peter and Billy Dobell of T.C.S. who, capping excellent scholastic records, won high athletic honours. P. C. Dobell won the allround Senior Championship, while W. M. Dobell won the Junior.

* * *

Congratulations to Harry M. ("Tim") Burgess on winning the W. W. Chipman Medal at McGill. "Tim" is the first winner.

* * *

Also to Donald Patterson on winning a University Entrance Scholarship at McGill. Donald came second in last year's Quebec High School Leaving Examinations with 894 marks (only 3 marks behind the first candidate) out of 1000.

TWO LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS

THE following letter has been received from Gunner J. M. Lewis, whose earlier note we printed in our last issue.

"It has been a long time indeed since I last wrote to you, and a great deal has happened during the interim. I was one of those fortunate people who landed on D-Day, but the rough trip across the Channel the night before took away a great deal of the pleasure. As we beached I saw a great many new things for the first time, Germans for one thing. The beach was strewn with mines, and the dead and wounded presented a strange sight to one unaccustomed to war. Prisoners, complete with suitcases, were being loaded on to a landing craft just as soon as the troops and vehicles had disembarked. In spite of the terrific bombardment, the townspeople were out to welcome us, some even with flags kept hidden during the occupation.

Our first position was in a minefield, but no one seemed worried until the Engineers got to work. Then followed several uncertain days, when guns pointed in all directions and snipers had a field day. One day we captured four of them, in a hedge in front of us. They had a nasty habit of sniping when the guns were firing, and consequently gave us no end of trouble discovering them.

The most interesting period began with the drive to the east, when firing almost ceased, and it was a case of plain sightseeing. The people lined the roads and streets making it a long parade. During the days that we spent in this fashion, numerous bottles of cognac and wine, bouquets, and apples made the convoys look quite gay and festive.

Boulogne, Calais and Cap Gris Nez meant more firing, and I had a glimpse of Dover from the coast one day — a very beautiful sight.

The Scheldt Estuary brought us mud and rain, two very stolid companions that have caused us more grief than any of the enemy's ingenious concoctions.

A rest in Ghent was our first break since D-Day, and a week's leave in England seems to be approaching very shortly.

I hope the New Year sees the end to this war and a return to our homes.

Please give my regards to the Staff.

J. L.

C.A.O. C.M.F.
8th October 1944.

I am writing this as I sit huddled in my little "Casa" — they are all "Casas", whether they be slit trenches or Roman mansions. My particular brand of Casa is a trench about six feet by five feet by three feet deep — over this I pitch my tent and around it I build a fairly substantial wall to (a) keep out the water, and (b) give me a bit more protection against other forms of misery.

My tent is good and tight but everything is pretty damp and clammy just from the humidity — so life is not too cheerful and the rain keeps on pouring down.

My battery command post is in the farm house which is quite dry.

Our meals are usually very good, mainly, I think, because we are able to live off the land to a large extent. A great number of the positions we have been in were almost completely evacuated by the local inhabitants who very kindly left a large part of their livestock behind them. We made our appreciation and found only one course open.

Activity, ours and the enemy's, varies with the weather, but in all kinds of weather we are always the more active. We must out-shell him about ten to one — but I will say this — his shelling is extremely accurate, which makes me think that with his total lack of air observation he must have our areas sown with agents — an easy thing for him to do as he retreats.

As far as the air is concerned he just doesn't exist, except for the odd raid at night. One of the finest sights we see, and we see it almost every fine day, is our medium bombers and dive bombers going over in an almost endless procession. The flak that greets them is usually pretty hot but only once have I seen one hit. Our fighters maintain constant cover — I have never seen them engage an enemy plane. They usually "stooge" around until they get bored, then zoom down and do a bit of shooting up before they go home.

Our life during mobile warfare is fairly hectic as we move every two or three days, which is always tiring, but at other times I personally find life very easy, at least compared with my last job where I was almost always on the go for sixteen to eighteen hours a day. I must say I preferred that life to this.

My main work now consists of going around visiting the men. An occasional trick at a Brigade H.Q. as regimental representative helps to break the monotony.

The most paramount thought in all our minds now is "when will we get home?" The longer a man has been overseas the more he thinks about it for he naturally feels that he is more entitled to some consideration than the more recently joined. And in this thought we are getting rather bitter. I frankly feel that our Government has let us down regarding home leave. England, the U.S., New Zealand (I am not sure about the other Dominions) have all placed a time limit on overseas service so that their men know definitely that they have to go on for so long before they can expect home leave. Our poor fellows have nothing at all to go on — for all we know old age may be our first reason for asking to be sent home.

We feel that the reason for this is not lack of shipping space, but lack of reinforcements, and that this lack is due to our namby-pamby system of enlistment, i.e., lack of conscription. I don't think conscription could possibly be brought in *now*, but I do think our Government could have foreseen this difficulty five years ago. They tell us there are plenty of trained reinforcements at home — ! What is the answer?

Mind you, I think the Government has done a magnificent job in a great many ways. As far as I can figure out the financial side of our war effort has been handled well — our production has been magnificent — the plans for rehabilitation and soldiers' grants sound good as well as generous.

The other thought that worries *me*, at any rate, is the relationship between the returned soldier who has been separated from his home and loved ones for five years, living a pretty miserable existence, exposing his life to all kinds of (real) dangers and the civilian who has been living off the fat of the land and getting paid as much for one hour's work as the soldier gets for twenty-four.

I am afraid that a lot of conscience stricken civilians being aware of this discrepancy will take the usual course of inferiority complex and start boasting to the returned soldiers of all the wonderful work they have been doing. And conversely soldiers are bound to boast to civilians. The results are undoubtedly going to be bad.

I feel that Canada's future is jeopardized by this unfortunate racial problem. One thing about this army life, one gets a great cross section of Canadian opinion. The rest of Canada feels very bitter towards Quebec and I'm sure that Quebec with the same type of inferiority complex as I mentioned before, will return that bitterness with interest.

The answer to this last problem *must* be found and found soon or it will be too late. What on earth *is* the answer ?

The first obvious step is to instal a sound, fearless and unselfish Parliament. To this end every decent thinking Canadian must work hard to see that the right person is elected.

The second obvious step is for the system and standard of education throughout Canada to be revived and raised — particularly in P.Q.

The third step, perhaps not so obvious, is for a system of compulsory military training for one year, say from sixteen to seventeen, to be introduced. Call it something else ; if you like, physical education. In any event take the youth of Canada, and send them to camps well away from their own homes where they can mix with lads from the other provinces ; give them physical, scholastic, trade, etc., training for one year, and the benefits to Canada as a nation would be untold. No exceptions whatsoever except cripples — weaklings to be sent to camps where training is less rigorous.

The fourth step is to (somehow) tackle the churches and religious institutions. Surely the seat of all our world wide troubles today is in the lack of charity shown by all of us. Is charity, therefore, not worth cultivating on a world wide basis and are the various institutions not the best equipped *theoretically* to teach us charity ?

Western religions in any event aren't teaching us charity in my opinion. In the first place they are setting us an extremely poor example by the everlasting squabbling between the various sects — they *must* find some common doctrine and pull together. After all there are no real differences in the beliefs of the R.C. Church, the C. of E., etc.

In the second place the Christian belief must be modernized if it is to appeal to modern people and if it doesn't appeal it will fail. What is the purpose in telling a person in one breath about certain miracles and in the next breath showing him how and why these miracles are impossible ? I believe in Christ and in his teachings. I believe in the spirit of Christianity but I don't believe in a lot of biblical stories *as facts*, I believe in them as morals. Why not obviate these discrepancies then by modernizing our various religions —

reconciling them with science and making them such that uneducated as well as educated people understand and are attracted. In the third place, churches and clergy must not be prim and smug as they are in a lot of cases now. There is no getting away from it, the average clergyman is so satisfied in himself and his church that he feels that the people must come to him rather than he . . . to them. Until he puts his religion on a selling basis and then goes out and sells it there is no hope (in my opinion.)

I'm in the command post now where the light is better and where it's dry — but less conducive to quiet thinking. If the phone isn't ringing the signaller is crooning (off key) in a high falsetto voice.

The scene here is very different from my little "casa." The "acks" busily working over their boards, the C.P.O. "balling up" the ammunition return, and the everlasting rain beating down outside. A stray kitten has just wandered in looking half drowned — it has decided to chase flies and is affording us considerable amusement.

Now the acks are arguing about meteor correction and my train of thought is completely shattered. . . .

My hopes and intentions are to lead a more English type of life — more time at home and less at the office. This does not mean laziness — I think the English run very efficient businesses — I think they know better *how* to work. They are less intense in their work and consequently lead happier and healthier lives than we do.

Written by an Old Boy, from Italy.

J. C.

"J E U N E S S E"

"J E U N E S S E" is the title of a collection of Poems by K. W. Knatchbull-Hugessen published by the Southam Press.

Kenneth Hugessen was at Selwyn House.

The poems are the testimony of a happy life, and of a happiness which knows no disenchantment. The young poet sings of sea, Laurentian lake, faith and friends. Lines of his sonnets have a fine lyrical quality.

Kenneth Hugessen lived only a little more than seventeen years but in these he has most surely "known beauty" and possessed the gift, rare in one so young, of being able to share his discoveries with us.

With the permission of his parents we reprint the verses which most naturally take their place in a School Magazine.

TO F.S.H. — (A School Friend.)

By K.W. KNATCHBULL - HUGESSEN.

*Dear friend, I bid you now a last adieu
Before we part and go our fated ways;
And this the hope I know I share with you —
That we may not forget our braver days.*

*Once past this gate, and we have left behind
The happiness and comradeship we've known
And from a life where all was bright and kind,
We step into a darkened world — alone.*

*Remember now the dreams that late were ours,
Turn back your mind upon the life we've led ;
And 'ere the darkness all around us lours,
Look back upon your boyhood that is dead —
And though we part, my friend, stay ever true
To friendship, and keep faith with what we knew.*

June 8th - 9th 1942.

C. R. J.

THE LIBRARY

THE Library is flourishing and there is always a constant demand for books. Somebody named Biggles has usurped Dave Dawson in popular favour !

We acknowledge, with many thanks, books from the following : —
Tim Porteous, Eric Flanders, Ian Bovey, Eric Marler, Allan Black, Henry Lafleur, Adelaar Raymond, Alec Patterson, Alan Lindsay, Alan Aitken, Murray Magor, Charlie Taylor, Jules Timmins, and Gordon Maitland.

After stocktaking, we hope to send a second batch of books to the Children's Memorial Hospital.

Many new Library volumes may be found in the beautiful bookcase kindly presented by Mrs. Samuel Bronfman which forms an elegant addition to the Molson bookcase.

B. K. T. H.

COMMENT

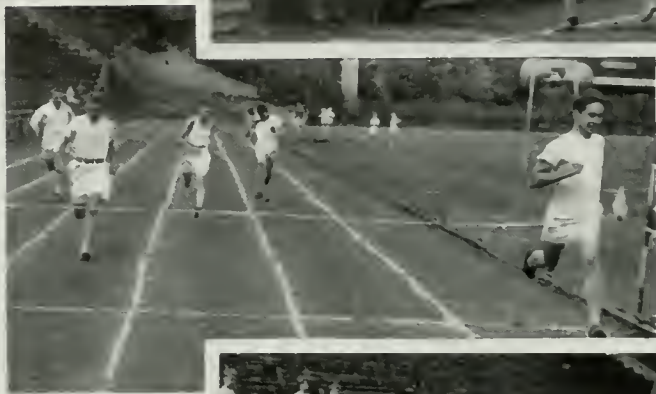
AS we go to press we believe that the war in Europe is drawing to a close, and the effect of this is seen in the nature of our contributions.

We only print two war articles, and a long letter from a soldier abroad gives his suggestions for a world at peace at home.

Instead of the tales of Commandos and corvettes we have essays on music, painting, poetry, and the appreciation of well-cooked food, all of which go to make up " the good life. "

Mention should here be made of the illustrated Broadsheets which Mr. Anderson is preparing for his classes. These offer something which the set text books cannot provide and help the boys to understand and consider ways of thinking, and their influence on ways of life.

C. R. J.



SCHOOL PRIZES

These were gracefully presented by Mrs. W. M. Taylor on June 15, 1944.

Form C. 1. D. Marpole
2. P. Raymond

Form 2. 1. J. Domville
2. E. Newcomb

Form B. 1. H. Ross
2. P. Davison

Form 3. 1. I. Bovey
2. J. Ross

Form A. 1. C. Stewart-Patterson
2. R. Berlyn

Form 5. 1. M. Magor
2. A. Powell

Form 1. 1. D. Hanson
2. H. Stewart

Form 6. 1. G. Taylor
2. E. Bronfman

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR FRENCH

G. Taylor.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

G. Taylor.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR LATIN

E. Bronfman.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING

P. Bronfman.

MOST IMPROVED BOY IN THE SENIOR SCHOOL

P. Bronfman — (*Special Mention* — Green, Timmins I.)

MOST IMPROVED BOY IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

P. Timmins — (*Special Mention* — Heward, Villers - Allerand, McCulloch II)

SPORTSMAN'S PRIZE

(*In memory of Douglas McMaster*)

G. Taylor.

JEFFREY RUSSEL PRIZE

K. Newcomb.

LUCAS MEDAL

G. Taylor.

S P O R T S P R I Z E S

100 Yds. (open)	1. G. Taylor 2. R. Molson	High Jump (under 12)	1. A. Raymond 2. J. Hugessen
100 Yds. (under 13)	1. I. Bovey 2. A. Raymond	Broad Jump (open)	1. G. Taylor 2. R. Molson
75 Yds. (under 10)	1. R. Pickering 2. E. Evans	Relay Race	1. P. Holland 2. C. Seymour 3. E. Flanders 4. S. Morgan
440 Yds. (open)	1. R. Molson 2. D. McMaster	Sisters' Race	1. J. Aitken 2. M. Bogert
220 Yds. (open) H'cap	1. J. Gray 2. K. Newcomb	Brothers' Race	1. D. Seymour 2. A. Bartholomew
220 Yds. (under 12) H'cap	1. E. Newcomb 2. J. Hugessen	Sack Race (Senior)	1. P. Holland
110 Yds. (under 12) H'cap	1. A. Lafleur 2. A. Ross	Sack Race (Junior)	1. B. Carrique
High Jump (open)	1. G. Taylor 2. D. McMaster	Father, Mother and Son Race	1. The Molson Family

VICTOR LUDORUM : G. Taylor (9 points)

(Presented by Squadron Leader Hugh Norsworthy, D.F.C., R.C.A.F.)

F O O T B A L L S I X E S :

C. Winter, B. Ballon, C. Beaubien, G. Currie, B. Winter, A. Blleloch, D. Hunter.

H O C K E Y F I V E S :

G. Taylor, J. Morgan, E. Pollard, A. Black, J. Timmins, R. Shaw.

S C O U T I N G

M A C K E N Z I E C U P

<i>Winning Patrol (Seniors)</i>	Seals	<i>Winning Patrol (Juniors)</i>	Bulldogs
<i>Patrol Leader (Seniors)</i>	R. Molson	<i>Patrol Leader (Juniors)</i>	D. Bartholomew

SCOUT NEWS

The Selwyn House Boy Scout Troop under the direction of Scoutmaster John Dando has made excellent progress since he took it over last Fall, when Mr. Greenlees left. The members are extremely enthusiastic.

This year, instead of having a Junior Troop as in preceding years, S. M. Dando has formed a Wolf Cub Pack. This is made up of boys from 7 to 11, and prepares them for the day they enter the Troop at the age of 12.

The membership of the Troop and Pack is as follows :—

T R O O P

EAGLE PATROL

H. Markland, T.L.
Lindsay, Second.
Raymond.
Campbell.
Green.
Bond.

BULLDOG PATROL

B. Markland, P.L.
Seymour, Second.
Newcomb.
Porteous.
Pollard.
Lansdowne.
Gaherty.
Frenkel.

OWL PATROL

I. Bovey, P.L.
Sharwood, Second.
Aitken.
Black.
Hugessen.
Domville.

P A C K

Red Six :— Phillips, S.S., Creighton, Bogert, Bennets, Massy-Beresford.

Yellow Six :— Rutley, S., H. Lafleur, McKeown, Sitwell.

White Six :— A. Lafleur, S., Davison, Strauss, Norman, Evans, T.

Green Six :— Carrique, S., McKim, Labarre, Hewis, Stewart-Patterson.

The plan of Scouting and Cubbing, as originated by our late Chief, Lord Baden-Powell, calls for a winter programme of preparation for the Summer months. During the past winter our Troop Programme has particularly stressed this aspect of Scout training.

When Spring comes, it will find both Troop and Pack ready for the thrills that come from long hikes, food cooked in the open, tracking games, and the other many benefits that result from a winter of labour indoors.

Last Autumn, many of the boys from the Troop went out for a day's hike. Several Scouting games were played, after which the hikers cooked their dinners. Campbell was voted by all as having made the tastiest meal. He and many others passed their Second Class Cooking test during the day. Both Troop and Pack are planning at least two hikes to be held before the end of the Summer term. It is to be hoped that these will be as successful as the one held last October, and that the tests passed will surpass the number taken at that time.

Points are awarded each week to the Patrol or Six winning the most games and passing the most tests during the afternoon. The Sixes are fairly even, each having won the monthly prize twice. In Scouts the Eagle Patrol has walked off with the Honour Pennant every month.

The Annual Patrol Leaders' Banquet, held at the Mount Royal Hotel on February 24, 1945, was attended by S. M. Dando, A.S.M. Aspinall, Troop Leader H. Markland, and Patrol Leaders B. Markland and Bovey. Mr. J. M. Kannawin, who is in charge of the Overseas Unit of the Canadian Broadcasting Company, was guest speaker.

The entertainment, provided by Scouts and Cubs, was excellent. The St. George's Drum and Fife Band, under the leadership of Acting Bandmaster Douglas Deeks, played almost continuously during the meal. Members of the Strathcona, St. George's, 1st. N.D.G., and Woodlands Troops acted in short plays. Four Cubs from the Hampstead Pack sang.

An enjoyable time was had by all the 900 Scouters and Patrol Leaders present.

Summer Scouting, with its hikes and camps, relies almost entirely on the co-operation of parents. Our summer ventures can only be a success if we have full turn-outs for them. We can only have full attendance if parents realize the great, various values that the game of Scouting contains.

J.D. and H.M.

SPORTS NEWS

CRICKET 1944

Chief interest this term centred around the play of the Under 13 team. This team contained much promising material, and considerable progress was made in its development, although the season was regrettably short. Several of the players were enthusiastic enough to practise hard on their own during the summer holidays, and will reap their reward in the coming season. It is a pity that this enthusiasm for the game was not shared by some of the older boys who will, as a result, find themselves handicapped later at boarding school.

MATCHES

UNDER 13 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. Thurs. May 18th.

S. H. S. won the toss and made a good start, Marler hitting his first ball over the fence for 6. Later, Ross 1 batted very soundly for 36 runs, punishing anything on the leg side severely. However, with the end batsmen failing rather dismally, our total was only 67.

L. C. C. began disastrously, but recovered thanks to dropped catches, and, with the Selwyn House bowling soon losing its length and accuracy, ran up 148 for the loss of 7 wkts. Ross took 3 wkts. and Sharwood, Paterson and Marler one each.

Result : — Lost. S. H. S. 67. L. C. C. 148 for 7.

UNDER 14 v. B. C. S. at Molson Field. Sat. June 3rd.

S. H. S. batted first but opened poorly, Newcomb being out unluckily. Gray played a hard-hitting if rather reckless innings of 22, but apart from Marler, the rest of the side seemed overcome by the occasion. We made B. C. S. fight for the runs, but they succeeded in hitting them off for the loss of 4 wkts, and went on to make 76. Gray took 5 wkts. Ross 3 and Paterson 1. In the time that remained S. H. S. batted again and fared much better, scoring 49 for 2 (Newcomb 23 not out, Bovey 14).

Result : — Lost. S. H. S. 38 and 49 for 2 wkts. B. C. S. 76.

UNDER 13 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. Thurs. June 8th.

L. C. C. batted first and ran up 101 for 6 wkts. before declaring. Once again our bowlers began well and then failed to press home their advantage. Our fielding generally was good, but two important catches were dropped. Bartholomew took 3 wkts, Ross 2 and Marler 1. When S. H. S. batted, the first wicket fell at 4, but Bovey and Paterson took the score to 51 in an excellent partnership, both batting with skill and good judgment. When rain stopped play, the game was in a most interesting position, with our score 62 for 4 wkts. (Paterson 24, Bovey 22 not out).

Result : — Drawn L. C. C. 101 for 6 declared. S. H. S. 62 for 4.

UNDER 14 Team. Characters.

NEWCOMB. (Capt.) A strong batsman when he got going, but was handicapped by a weak defence, and was unlucky in matches. Bowled well on occasions, and his fielding was good.

GRAY. Adopted rather a baseball mentality towards the game with unfortunate results. Has the ability to become an outstanding batsman and bowler, and his fielding is already extraordinarily good.

KINGMAN. Showed considerable promise as an all-round player in his first season, and has the makings of a sound opening batsman, when he learns more scoring shots.

BOVEY. The most promising batsman to appear for some years, with the rare virtue of scoring most of his runs on the off-side. Kept wicket well and later fielded brilliantly at square leg.

ROSS 1. Bowled with a good length, but is inclined to throw and will have to change his action. With better defence, should develop into a useful batsman. Fielded well in the slips.

BARTHOLOMEW. Was beginning to bowl well, and fielded keenly, holding some good catches. In batting he must cultivate a defence against good length bowling.

PATERSON. Improved considerably both in batting and bowling and his keenness should ensure him a very good season next year. Fielded well.

MARLER. Very keen and showed promise of becoming a good all-rounder. His fielding improved beyond recognition.

LINDSAY. Developed well as a batsman and was a useful fielder.

BALLANTYNE. Strong on the leg side, but not sound defensively. Fielding very fair.

BALLON. His batting lacked confidence and he seldom did himself justice as a result. Very good in the field.

F. G. P.



SOCCER 1944

Back Row: C. Beaubien, M. Magor, J. Gray (capt.), D. McMaster, J. Ross.

Front Row: A. Aitken, M. Holmes, I. Bovey, E. Newcomb, A. Paterson, D. Bartholomew.

SOCCER 1944

<i>Teams</i>	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
					<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Under 15	3	0	1	2	1	3
" 13	5	4	0	1	9	2
" 11	2	1	0	1	2	1
TOTAL	10	5	1	4	12	6

The outstanding feature of the football season was the winning by the Under 13 team of the cup presented in 1942 by Mr. Wanstall for competition between B. C. S., L. C. C.

and ourselves. This success was the more creditable because the team had no really outstanding players, and was the result of hard practice, effective team work and good captaincy. Our two victories over B. C. S. were very satisfactory as the "Prep" had been unbeaten for a considerable number of years. We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating them on their long run of success and on their good sportsmanship both in victory and defeat.

The departure of some of our most promising players from the Vth Form last June spoiled a very excellent chance we had of winning the Ashbury Cup as well. As a result, the Under 15 team was compelled to rely over much on Gray, McMaster and Magor, all of whom played brilliantly. At the age of 13 Gray was already the best all-round player the school has produced for many years. The team was of necessity completed by 8 members of the Under 13 team who played keenly and well but lacked weight and experience. In spite of this, only 3 goals were scored against us in the 3 matches played, a fact that reflects great credit on all concerned.

The Under 11 team finished all square in their two games with L. C. C. and showed plenty of promising material. They too had an excellent captain in Newcomb.

MATCHES

Mon. Oct. 2nd. UNDER 15 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. — Drawn 1-1.

In the first half L. C. C. scored after a mistake by one of our backs, rather against the run of the play. Later Gray went through alone to score the equaliser. Our forwards played well and had more opportunities than L. C. C. but failed to make the most of their chances. Gray, McMaster and Magor were outstanding for S. H. S.

Sat. Oct. 14th. UNDER 15 v. Ashbury at Royal Ave. — Lost 0-1.

This game was played in wind and rain, and on a muddy field that made accurate passing difficult. Ashbury were heavier and more forceful forward, but Gray played superbly and there was no score until five minutes from the end of the game when our goalkeeper let in a rather ordinary shot.

Mon. Oct. 30th. UNDER 15 v. L. C. C. on the Mountain. — Lost 0-1.

L. C. C. playing with the wind and slope in their favour scored a clever goal soon after the start. S. H. S. fought back well and in the second half, with Gray and McMaster playing their hearts out, we pressed hard but the forwards were unable to put the finishing touches to our attacks. Magor played a very sound game at full back.

Thurs. Oct. 12th. UNDER 13 v. L. C. C. on the Mountain. — Won 2-0.

Barber scored in the first half and Newcomb after half-time. The forwards were extremely good in this game and were unfortunate not to have scored more often. Holmes and Ross I also played well.

Mon. Oct. 23rd. UNDER 13 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. — Lost 0-1.

After having had all the better of the game, including a penalty kick, we finally lost out when L. C. C. scored the only goal towards the end of the second half. The forwards were incredibly ineffective in front of goal and missed countless opportunities. Only Bovey and Ross 1 showed their true form.

Sat. Oct. 28th. UNDER 13 v. B. C. S. at Royal Ave. — Won 3-0.

S. H. S. started very strongly and Bond 1 and Newcomb scored early in the game. The whole team combined well to play brilliant football in the first half. After half-time, the B. C. S. resistance stiffened and it was near the end of the game before Currie scored again for S. H. S. The shake-up in the team following the defeat by L. C. C. resulted in a much more effective display. Bovey, Ross 1, Beaubien and Bartholomew played particularly well.

Sat. Nov. 4th. UNDER 13 v. B. C. S. at Lennoxville. — Won 2-1.

This was a most exciting game with all the scoring coming in the first half, Pollard getting both goals for S. H. S., the second on a break through by Bartholomew. In the second half B. C. S. fought every inch of the way, and with our backs finding it hard to control the ball, Lindsay was called upon to make several brilliant saves as the B. C. S. forwards broke through on a number of occasions. This victory gave us the Cup and Pollard was carried shoulder-high from the field.

Thurs. Nov. 16th. UNDER 13 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. — Won 2-0.

Our victory in this game atoned in some measure for the previous defeat by L. C. C. Bovey scored in the first half and Marler in the second. Bartholomew, Ross 1, Beaubien, Holmes and Bovey were best for S. H. S. in a game in which good combination was rather lacking.

Thurs. Oct. 19th. UNDER 11 v. L. C. C. on the Mountain. — Won 2-0.

Newcomb scored early in the game for S. H. S. and Hanson in the second half. Currie and Bond 2 played well at half, and Newcomb was the best of the forwards.

Thurs. Nov. 9th. UNDER 11 v. L. C. C. at Royal Ave. — Lost 0-1.

In the return game Currie and Newcomb played well but the rest of the team seemed rather lost on the large field and the forwards were seldom dangerous.



SOCCER (Under 13) 1944

Back Row: M. Holmes, J. Ross, C. Beaubien, A. Aitken, R. Bond.

Front Row: E. Newcomb, E. Pollard, I. Bovey (capt.), D. Bartholomew, A. Lindsay, G. Currie.

SOCCER SIXES

After the teams had tied once in the Finals Gray beat Bovey 1-0 in the replay.

GRAY'S TEAM : — Franklin, Jackson, Maitland, Bond 2, McConnell, Ogilvie, McKeown, Sitwell.

BOVEY'S TEAM : — Aitken, Campbell, Timmins 1, Cusson, Evans, T., Bond 1, Rutley.

CHARACTERS

PATERSON. (Goal). Rather slow moving and inclined to be caught out of position. Will do better at full back, and will profit from his keenness.

MAGOR. (1943-4). (Full back). Played consistently well throughout the season. Cleared soundly and with excellent judgment and showed fine team spirit at all times.

ROSS I. (Full back and inside left). Not altogether sound in his clearances, but tackled with commendable determination and with more experience should do really well.

BEAUBIEN. (Full back). A late discovery, his unruffled calm had a steadying influence on the team and he should develop into a very reliable player.

McMASTER. (1943-4). (Right half). Played brilliantly in a new position. He gave unsparingly and his vigour and fighting spirit were quite invaluable to the team.

GRAY. (1942-3-4). (Centre half). Captain. The best all-round player the school is likely to have for a long time. He excelled in every department of the game, and in addition was a terribly hard worker who always played cleanly.

AITKEN. (Left half). A player of ability who improved during the season but needed too much urging to produce his best. Always seemed a little out of condition.

HOLMES. (Left half). Always went all-out, and for his size played a remarkably good game. Used his head to advantage.

NEWCOMB. (Outside right). A very promising player with a good turn of speed. Was beginning to centre well. Should practise taking corners.

BOVEY. (Inside right). A hard worker who dribbled well and tackled back consistently. Later, as centre forward, he opened up the game skilfully. Captained the Under 13 team excellently.

BARTHOLOMEW. (Centre forward). Played hard and used his head well, but could improve his shooting when close in. Should have a very good season next year.

BOND I. (Outside left). Showed promise, but was inclined to lose touch with his "inside" and must practise sending across centres.

F. G. P.



HOCKEY 1944-45

Back Row: R. Timmins, J. Gray, D. McMaster (capt.), M. Magor, A. Aitken.

Front Row: C. Seymour, D. Bartholomew, E. Newcomb, I. Bovey, E. Pollard, M. Holmes.

HOCKEY 1945

<i>Teams</i>	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
					<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Under 15	2	1	1	0	7	6
" 14	3	3	0	0	21	7
" 12	1	1	0	0	10	2
ALL TEAMS	6	5	1	0	38	15

This season, which we faced with justifiable misgivings considering the loss of the majority of last year's players, and of C. Bronfman through illness, turned out to be highly

successful. It was disappointing that the unusually early thaw prevented us finishing our schedule, and particularly that the eagerly awaited match with the B. C. S. Bantams had to be cancelled literally at the last moment owing to the sudden "liquidation" of the Coliseum ice. However, the fact that we were unbeaten in the six matches played, most of them against considerably heavier teams, was highly gratifying, and that we took only one penalty in all these games is conclusive evidence of the cleanness of our play. Gone, too, is the "inferiority complex" of some former S. H. S. teams — long may this state of affairs continue!

MATCHES

Feb. 5th. UNDER 14 v. L. C. C. at the Coliseum. — Won 6-4.

L. C. C. scored two quick goals but S. H. S. equalised before the end of the 1st period on 2 goals by Gray. In the 2nd period Gray scored 3 goals to put us in the lead 5-3. In the final period each team scored once more, Gray, who played a great game throughout, getting his 6th goal. After a nervous start, Lindsay played a sound game in goal, and Pollard and Bartholomew showed good form.

Feb. 7th. UNDER 15 v. L. C. C. at the Coliseum. — Drawn 3-3.

This was a very exciting game against a considerably heavier team. S. H. S. twice came from behind to equalise the score, Gray once again being responsible for all our goals, his second being a particularly brilliant effort from the boards. Magor played very well in goal, and in addition to Gray, who was the outstanding player on the ice, McMaster and Bartholomew were particularly good. The whole team, however, played with lots of spirit and gave a fine performance.

Feb. 12th. UNDER 12 v. L. C. C. on the S. H. S. Rink. — Won 10-2.

After leading 3-1 at half-time, S. H. S. had much the better of the final period and ran in 7 more goals against 1 for L. C. C. Scorers for the School were Newcomb (5), Currie (2), Marler, Raymond and Watson 1 each. Our 1st line went particularly well with Newcomb starring, and Seymour and Raymond were very sound on the defence.

Feb. 19th. UNDER 15 v. L. C. C. at the Coliseum. — Won 4-3.

In the first two periods S. H. S. piled up a lead of 4-0 on goals by Gray (3) and Pollard. In spite of this, play was very even, and in the 2nd period particularly Magor was kept very busy. In the final period the L. C. C. weight began to tell and they scored three times to make a very exciting conclusion to the game. This was our first victory over the L. C. C. Under 15 team for a long time, and every player on our team is to be congratulated on pulling his full weight. Pollard was awarded his colours following the game.

Feb. 21st. UNDER 14 v. L. C. C. at the Coliseum. — Won 7-2.

The team showed improved form in this return match and Aitken, Bovey and Gray scored for us in the 1st period. Pollard and Gray (2) made the score 6-1 in our favour

at the end of the 2nd period. Gray scored his fourth goal of the game in an even last period. Gray again stood out, but the rest of the team saw to it that he had a rather easier time than in the first match. Both forward lines went well with Bovey and Pollard showing the best form.

Mar. 8th. UNDER 14 v. Roslyn School at the Coliseum. — Won 8-1.

Scorers for S. H. S. were Gray (4), Bartholomew (2), Pollard and Currie 1 each. In the absence of Bovey, Bartholomew was moved up to centre and played a very good game. Gray was used sparingly in order not to spoil the interest in the match. Currie showed to good advantage in his first appearance on the team.

The following matches were unfortunately cancelled owing to the weather :—

March 1st	UNDER 12 v. L. C. C.
" 3rd	" 15 v. B. C. S. BANTAMS
" 17th	" 15 v. ASHBURY COLLEGE
" 19th	" 15 v. UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

HOCKEY FIVES

In the semi-finals Gray beat McMaster 6-3, and Rhea beat Bovey 1-0 in overtime after the teams had tied 2-2 and 3-3 previously.

In the final Gray beat Rhea 6-2.

GRAY'S TEAM :— Bond 1, Hanson, Spencer-Nairn, Flanders, Stewart, Stewart-Patterson, Massy-Beresford.

RHEA'S TEAM :— Pollard, Timmins 1, Campbell, Timmins 2, Timmins, P., Ogilvie.

CHARACTERS

MAGOR. 1944-5. (Goal). Showed much improved form this year and his sound play helped considerably to give confidence to the players in front of him.

GRAY. 1944-5. (Defence). Played magnificent hockey, and in scoring 20 goals in 5 matches eclipsed Peter Dobell's record of 3 years ago. In addition to his skill, his stamina was amazing, and he played practically throughout each game.

TIMMINS 1. (Defence). Had a good knowledge of the game and a fair turn of speed, which enabled him to open up the play well on occasions.

BARTHOLOMEW. (Defence). A very promising forward who was dropped back to strengthen the defence. Checked well and always played a fighting game.

SEYMOUR. (Defence). A game but rather inconsistent player who would do well with a little more determination. At present rather careless in his clearances.

McMASTER. 1944-5. (Centre). Captain. A very inspiring player to have on the team. Was an excellent play maker who always went very hard. Checked finely and greatly improved his shooting.

NEWCOMB. (Right wing). Very promising for his age. Went hard both ways and centred well.

POLLARD. 1945. (Left Wing). A very useful player for his size. Skated fast and had a deceptive shot. Checked very pluckily.

BOVEY. (Centre). A very good stick-handler with a fair turn of speed, and a very hard worker. When his shooting improves he will be invaluable.

AITKEN. (Right wing). A good skater who shows plenty of promise. Could back check more consistently and should practise taking passes.

HOLMES. (Left wing). A very plucky and hardworking little player who was very useful to the team. Inclined to pass blindly, and should practise shooting on every possible occasion.

F. G. P.

POST WAR GERMANY

A successful future for all of us is the world's hope. We are all keenly on the lookout for opportunities that the peace should bring us. Our great worry is how to subdue the Germans, and to make their people revert to Christian and civilized ideas.

Dr. Goebells said : " It is not the American Secretary of Finance nor the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Great Britain that will decide the law by which the German people will live and breathe ; we will not tolerate that they will make a potato field out of the Reich or a hell out of our country ". But they ruined the poor peasants' potato fields in occupied countries, and ate the potatoes themselves without thinking of all the starving people. What about the torture and hell they made for our military and civilian prisoners of war, including women and children ? Even though they are now getting a little taste of their own medicine, we will never stoop to using torture and other mean actions as they have done in the occupied countries.

After the war is over there will be much guerilla fighting in Germany by the men who, when boys of nine or ten years of age, were taught that Hitler was infallible, that the Germans were on the just side of the war, and other similar fanatical ideas. The Allies will have to superintend the rebuilding of houses, factories and churches, but above all, special tutors and professors should re-educate the children who have been fanatically taught.

It is hard to believe that the Germans, who were so cultured and produced wonderful men such as the musicians Schubert, Shumann, Wagner and Beethoven ; the poet G  rthe ; Koch, who discovered the tubercle and cholera bacillus, and Roentgen who invented X-rays, could stoop to low mean warfare, and make slaves of free people.

J. D., Form 3.

ROAST TURKEY

WHENEVER I see a roast turkey, it makes me think of pleasant things. I always associate it with Christmas. It reminds me of the delightful smell which issues forth when it is brought in, steaming hot. I would not like to be the carver, for I would be greatly tempted to give myself the first and largest portion. The taste is even better than the smell, and with cranberry sauce it is superb.

Sometimes I wonder about the turkey's life and I like to make up stories about it. It might have lived on a farm on the St. Lawrence River. One day, perhaps, a horse noticed that this large fowl did nothing and got well fed and he began to get very jealous. But soon Christmas time came around and he had to take a huge load to the station. In the load was the turkey, but he was dead. The horse had learned a lesson!

The crate containing the turkey was put in the freight car of the only train that passed the little station. In the same car was a dog, who, smelling some meat, succeeded in chewing to pieces the string which was tied round the crate, much to the annoyance of the man who unloaded the freight. Soon the turkey was hung up in a butcher's shop and a lucky customer bought it. Then it was roasted and put on a plate. But as I reach this point I remember that this is only a story, and as I know the present I have to look to the future.

Perhaps the farmer will imagine a headless, featherless turkey chasing him around the farm. Perhaps the horse will dream that he is a turkey about to be killed, and perhaps the butcher will dream that all the turkeys he ever sold have suddenly fallen on top of him and he is about to be smothered!

Stories of roasting always bring to mind Elia's magnificent essay on "Roast Pig." If the reader wants a treat he might read this instead of my attempt!

T. P., Form 3.

TO A SKYLARK

*Who art thou, O soaring one?
That high above this sad and weary world
Pursuest thy course in everlasting sun;
And simple as thou be art happier far
Than man, whom peace and safety ever shun.*

*Who art thou, O happy one?
That singest on thy lofty couch on high,
And scorn'st the earth from where all troubles come,
Though other birds do congregate in flocks,
Thou fain wouldst pass thine happy days alone.*

*Who art thou, O blissful one?
Thy radiant song beams over all the land;
And people toiling in the summer sun
Look up and say, "Behold the skylark there"
While far above thou sing'st thy happy song.*

J. D. R., Form 4.

M U S I C

I think the modern trend for jazz and 'boogie-woogie' is very interesting. In the olden days, if a conductor stepped up to the band-stand and announced that his band was going to play 'Pistol packin' Mama', he probably would have been taken out and put in the pound, and for a while would have been the laughing stock of the town!

Again, if a modern 'hep-cat' conductor suddenly switched from the 'Trolley Song' to Beethoven or some other classical composer, the audience would very likely get up and ask for their money back.

I do not wish to be critical, but I think the American people are largely responsible for the trend towards jazz music.

Some of the modern tunes, it must be admitted, are very funny, especially 'Mairzy Doates', but some of the Gilbert and Sullivan's operas are very hilarious.

As music changes, dances must change with it, and people, who fifty years ago would have gone out to ball-room or folk dances, now spend their evening jitterbugging or watching a floor-show.

Of course, new kinds of music have led to new kinds of instruments, mostly complicated mechanical affairs. They are usually a combination of several instruments. Most common, are the ones in which the player uses his hands for a piano, his right foot for a bass drum, and his left foot for a triangle.

These instruments are sometimes called a 'one man band', and are seen quite frequently in modern dance orchestras. As new instruments come in, many old ones die out. The most noticeable one that has become obsolete, I think, is the harp, which is hardly ever seen in either jazz or classical bands.

It has been said that music soothes the savage breast, but to my mind, some of the present day music would only make the listener more savage!

A. O. A., Form 4.

AN ADVENTURE IN DREAMLAND

ONE day I thought I would like to go to dreamland, so I sat back in my chair and went to sleep. Suddenly I woke up and found myself in a small train, and I was surprised to find myself very small! Soon the train came to a stop and the conductor passed through my car shouting, "Dreamland". I thought this might prove interesting so I climbed out on to the platform where I saw the Queen and Knave of Hearts. "Hello, Mr. Smith", said the Queen. "We have been expecting you. Won't you come to our palace for a few days?" Of course I said "Yes", and I was whisked off in a carriage driven by the two and three of Hearts. After a ten minute ride we came to a beautiful palace where the Queen and I descended from the carriage and walked in the door.

After she had shown me around the palace and introduced me to the King, she said, "Come into the kitchen; I would like you to have some of my fresh tarts. They are right there on the ----. Goodness, they are gone again, probably taken by the Knave". With this she pressed a button and a few seconds later four soldiers came running in with swords in hand. "What is it, your Majesty?"

" My tarts have been stolen again. Take my friend here to the stables and find him a horse. I think it is the Knave, and you will probably find him in his usual hiding place ".

The soldiers pulled me out of the room to the stables where I mounted a horse and followed the men. They went galloping out of the gate, around the palace and then over a hill, where they dismounted and started walking. Suddenly they stopped and one of them drew out his sword, pushed it into the ground and then raised a large piece of earth. Below was a trap-door which he opened quietly and there, in a small cave underground with stairs leading down, was the Knave eating the tarts ! But one of the soldiers fell down on the ground and the noise of his armour which rattled made the Knave look up and there he saw us ! " Ho ho ", he said, " you haven't captured me yet, and you never will ! " With this he ran to the end of the cave where there were more stairs which he climbed and then suddenly disappeared. We went running after him and when we reached the top we saw him mounting his horse. We ran back to our horses and galloped after him for about ten minutes. Meanwhile he was not faring so well. He could only hold the reins with one hand as the other one was holding the dish of tarts. Suddenly he fell off the horse, the tarts falling on the ground. We came up to him and the soldiers jumped off their horses and caught him firmly. They then tied his hands with a long cord which one soldier held with his hand. In this manner we marched back to the castle where the king and queen were waiting for us. When I had finished telling the King the story he marched the Knave off to the dungeons where he stayed for two days.

During the rest of my stay I am glad to say that the Knave did not steal any more tarts.

Two weeks after I had arrived I left on the same train. When I was almost home I thought I felt very tired, so I leaned back and went to sleep. Suddenly I awoke at my home and found I had been dreaming. Even though it was a dream it had been very interesting and full of adventure.

E. N., Form 3.

" FEARLESS AND PROUD "

*The firing line was hushed as nerves ran cold,
The heart of every man was beating fast,
Each soldier wondered then how long he'd last,
When that grim order to advance was told.
The sun was going down in rays of gold,
Each face upturned to Heaven, O so vast,
Praying to live — to miss each thunderous blast,
And praying that this story would unfold.*

*A warning bugle echoed through the lines,
Then with a roar the big guns split the night,
And through the darkness charged the infantry,
Never a pause for bursting shells or mines,
For they were proud that they were in the fight,
To finish wars for all eternity.*

J. H. G., Form 6.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas and What it Stands for.

CHRISTMAS DAY celebrates the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ into the world. Christmas is the most important day of the whole year for Christians and it should be spent in a manner befitting the occasion. Too many people enjoy Christmas in a pagan way. They wait happily and eagerly for Christmas to come, anticipating the gifts that they are going to receive and the good times they are going to have and the delicious turkey dinner, and they never give a thought about what Christmas stands for and why they are celebrating Christmas. There should be worship also on Christmas day and people should think of Christ when they are having a good time, because they are celebrating Christmas on account of Him.

This brings me to my second point which is

Christmas Worship.

Everybody should go to Church at least once on Christmas. In Church on Christmas day there are usually beautiful services. Worship is different from any other day of the year because it is our Saviour's Birthday. Beautiful carols are sung, and when they are played well with the accompaniment of bells the true Christian feels as if he were in a spiritual world. We should also pray in Church at Christmas, now of all times, for people less fortunate than ourselves and for heathen people and for the missionaries sent out to teach them. True worship is the most important part of Christmas, and should be practised by everybody.

Christmas Spirit.

The true spirit of Christmas is the finest thing of its kind in the world. People of all nations celebrate Christmas and they all try and have the best time they can. They have all kinds of parties, dinners, festivals and many kinds of decorating. The Christmas Tree is one of the strongest symbols of Christmas Spirit. Christmas would never be the same if there wasn't a Christmas Tree with all its bright lights, candy, oranges, silver stars and trinkets. Another symbol of Christmas Spirit is holly. This looks very beautiful when put all around the house. Then finally there is the mistletoe which is hung over a doorway and if a man can catch any lady underneath it, then he has the right to kiss her. A great deal of fun is caused in this way.

Christmas Shopping.

At Christmas everybody gives presents to other people. Many people go about their Christmas shopping in the wrong way. They wait until about the 19th of December, then rush into the stores with piles of money and start trying to buy presents. Usually around this time the stores are jammed with other people just like them. The outcome of it is that they usually go home with about half the presents they wanted, and complain how disgraceful shopping is in war time! Other people wait and see who is going to give them presents and then buy presents for those particular people! This is not at all the right kind of thing to do. The real joy of Christmas is to give presents, not to receive them.

Christmas Customs.

The foremost custom of Christmas is for children to put out their stockings for Santa Claus to come and fill them up. The legend of Santa Claus is very old. In some countries he is called St. Nicholas and in others Father Christmas. In some countries, such as Holland for instance, the children put out their shoes, and in Poland, hats are often put out. Another custom is to sing carols on Christmas Eve. In some countries this is done every year regularly by wandering bands of minstrels.

Christmas is the happiest time of the whole year and on that day everybody should enjoy themselves *and they must never forget what it commemorates.*

J. D. R., Form 4.

MY AMBITION IN LIFE

MY ambition is to practise law as a notary or as a lawyer. To practise law I will have to take a four years art course. After completing this course I will have my B.A. Then I will have to pass my law examinations.

These law examinations are no laughing matter. They have to be hard because they are the last test for the finished product, of which there will probably be few. The exam. is set on each of the articles that are considered, by a group of examiners, to be important. The only way to study for these last examinations is to learn off by heart all articles used three or more times in, say, five previous exams. When the examiner comes to correct the papers, he will be amazed and much pleased to find the articles in the original text. All articles used twice should be read and learnt, so as to enable the student to give the examiner the trend of how the law reads. The questions are usually set in such manners as : "What would you do if . . . ? ", "Which man is legally in the right ? " It is no great disgrace to fail in these exams, and it is an honour to pass them.

The graduate may practise one of the three following branches : civil law as a notary, civil law as a lawyer, criminal law as a lawyer. I prefer to take civil law, because I would not like to hold such great responsibilities as defending a man whose life was depending on his lawyer. Criminal lawyers should be resourceful thinkers and should always have the proverbial extra card up their sleeve. Often lawyers are called upon to defend a man who they know themselves inwardly is a dangerous man or a murderer. Their incomes are usually high, ranging from \$12,000 to \$18,000 yearly. They seldom work as a firm, but alone. Criminal law is written in English.

If the graduate decides to practise civil law as a notary, his work would come in making marriage contracts, wills, etc. ; in general, legal technicalities, which are necessary. This work is interesting and it is amazing to see how intricate the wording of the clauses is. The French language is used because it is generally more accurate. Notaries usually work in firms, of which there are several noted ones in Montreal. The other alternative is to start a firm, but this requires some capital. The advantage is that in a firm one does not cease to draw salary when one is sick.

If the graduate decides to study civil law as a lawyer, he would find his work in divorces, petty thefts, promissory notes, debts, local by-laws, etc. The defendant comes to the lawyer and asks him to defend him against a charge. The plaintiff may ask him to get a debt paid. (The lawyer usually takes half the debt himself). If the lawyer proves to be exceptionally good, he is offered the promotion to Judge. Actually the salary is less than that of a lawyer. He does not have to accept.

Often I have heard people say, "Why take law, as your profession?" I would answer, "Because I like arguing and contesting my brain and wits against my opponent's." There is great satisfaction in playing the unexpected trump card in the game of law. Law is not a dull game — on the contrary, it is an interesting game, with much satisfaction and more thrills.

G. E. M., Form 4.

THE PROGRESS OF AEROPLANES

In this article I will discuss four different points :

- (1) The progress of Aeroplanes generally.
- (2) The Helicopters.
- (3) Jet Propulsion.
- (4) Aeroplanes after the war.

(1) The two people we give most credit to for the invention of aeroplanes are the two Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville. They began in 1900 by experimenting with gliders in order to learn the best shape and size. So that they might not be disturbed, they went to a lonely place on the sea coast of North Carolina named Kitty Hawk.

Finally, on December 17, 1903, a machine arose carrying a man, and stayed in the air for fifty-nine seconds. After more trials a machine covered an estimated distance of 56 miles, and in another flight the man succeeded in keeping the machine up for two hours and twenty minutes. After that, the progress of aeroplanes continued very quickly.

Then came the first world war, which saw many definite changes in the way of aircraft. The chief aeroplanes that the British had were the Sopwith Camel and Pup ; they both averaged about 118 miles per hour at top speed. These planes may seem obsolete now, but so will our Spitfires, Mosquitoes and Mustangs in a very a short time.

When world War II came, Britain found she needed fighters and she needed fast ones. This was a challenge to every inventor's skill. The government then came upon a plane which had won the Schneider Cup Trophy, namely the Spitfire. This plane had attained the speed of four hundred miles per hour in 1939. It was then the fastest plane in the world, and still remains amongst the best of the Allied fighters.

When the Americans came into the war they contributed much to the aircraft industry, by bringing out such fighter planes as the P-47 Thunderbolt, P-51 Mustang, and the Lightning. Besides these fighters the Americans introduced some of the world's finest bombers like the Mitchell, Fortress and Super-Fortress.

(2) Actually the idea for the helicopter's principles of flight can be traced back to the note books of Leonardo da Vinci in 1525, but it was not till 1877, three and a half centuries later that work started again. This time Eurico Forlanini designed a crude butterfly-like helicopter powered with a steam engine. The craft, according to historians, actually lifted its own weight into the air ; it was the first of the strange models to fly. After this, experiments were made all over the world. Some flew. Some crashed. But there were always two difficulties to overcome :—

(I) Sufficient power for direct ascent.

(II) Proper control in the air.

In the 1930s progress was made very quickly. In 1936 Sikorsky's -vs- 300 helicopter was the first helicopter to overcome the two above difficulties. When war broke out (i.e. World War II) the government took much interest in it. But it was not till the last two years that the army has widely used it. It is very good against "subs" as it can stop in mid-air and then let loose its bombs. Also it is being used for picking up torpedoed sailors or airmen who have been forced down into the sea. This craft should prove very useful in the post-war era, although it might be some time before it is used by the general public for their own personal use.

(3) Strange as it may seem jet-propulsion is as old as modern aviation, for the first attempts were made in the era of the Wright brothers. In 1933 Group Captain Frank Whittle designed a jet-propelled engine, but it wasn't till 1937 that one of his engines proved successful. So promising were his engines, that the British Air Ministry had Gloucester Aircraft Company Limited build a plane powered by jet propulsion engines. In May, 1941 this aeroplane made a successful flight, and by June of the same year the information was given to the U. S. Army Air Force. However, jet-propulsion is no secret. Italy, Germany, and many other nations have been trying for years to perfect these jet-propulsion engines. The real secret lies in their development.

The principle of jet propulsion is identical with that of the normal propeller ; that is, to provide thrust which makes an aircraft move forward. In the case of the jet, air is sucked into an orifice, there heated and expanded, and ejected at high velocity through the jet nozzle.

At the present date jet propulsion is less than half as efficient as the modern propeller aircraft. What then is the gain in jet increases with increased speed of the aircraft and with higher altitude, where the efficiency of the modern propeller decreased? With the absence of a propeller an aircraft is reduced in weight and may have a shorter landing gear, as well as better landing characteristics due to the absence of torque. On jet propelled fighters there is no restriction of gun fire due to the propeller, and there is less noise in the pilot's cockpit.

However, present success must not lead to over-optimism. Jet propulsion, so far, has application only to high-speed and high altitude craft. In the post war period we will undoubtedly see it used for commercial transportation, but definitely not in light or sport planes. Here the propeller-aircraft combination will still reign supreme.

(4) Although many people are thinking of buying aeroplanes and helicopters after the war, the switch from car to aeroplane will not be as abrupt as is the common belief. Aircraft can only be conveniently used for long distances, greater than 50 or 100 miles. Therefore cars will be used to travel short distances. In my opinion it will be twenty years before the aeroplane is used by all as the car is now. The reason for this is that one must be physically fit even to pilot an aeroplane ; also after every flight a plane must be serviced, which means an owner must have a ground crew and a hangar. After the war many war planes will be converted to transports. The reason for this is that most of the goods now sent by train will after the war be sent by plane. A conference is now being held which is very important to the aircraft industry : plans are being made for air routes all over the world. New gigantic airports will go into construction after the war. In fact there will not be a place on this globe that we will not be able to go to by plane.

Everyone can only guess that aeroplanes will be bigger and better, and easier to handle, and this is what counts.

D. McM., Form 6.

SNAKES

THERE are many species of snakes in the world. Some are very deadly, while others are quite harmless. Very often some of the most beautiful snakes to look at are the most poisonous, for instance, the Coral snake. This has a mixture of black, yellow and red stripes. If one ever chanced to meet this specimen and stopped to admire him he would not like you very much and would probably come after you. Another dangerous snake is the boa-constrictor. It is chiefly found in Brazil and Peru. It is an expert at tree climbing and that is usually where it hides. It has no fangs like most other snakes, but instead, coils itself around its victim and squeezes it to death. One of the most deadly snakes is the cobra. It mainly inhabits India and Africa. Like the rattle-snake it has two fangs in its upper jaw with little slits in each of them. When it attacks, it thrusts its head forward, sticks its two fangs into the victim and releases the venom, which would almost instantly kill a small animal. One of the largest snakes in the world is the anaconda. Like the boa-constrictor, it lives mainly in South America. Out in the bush, the natives claim to have found them as long as 35 feet. It has been known to attack human beings when very hungry.

Another poisonous snake is the rattle-snake. It received its name from a number of celluloid-looking objects on its tail. Whenever it hears anybody approaching it rattles these objects.

I think snakes are very interesting creatures and when I grow up I may have some snakes as pets !

E. N., Form 3.

MY FAVOURITE COMPOSER AND HIS MUSIC

PETER ILLICH TCHAIKOVSKY, who lived in the latter part of the nine-teenth century, is, I think, my favourite composer, even though he is not the most important Russian composer of his time.

Tchaikovsky as a boy was not outwardly musical ; he learnt the piano as other boys do, and when he went to University he sang in a choral society there. At the age of twenty one, a civil servant at Petrograd, he started taking lessons in composing. This occupation seemed to suit him, for he gave up his job as a civil servant. He then studied music at the Conservatory at Petrograd.

As a young man he was poor, and it seemed that the rest of his life should be an uncomfortable one, but in music teaching a new opportunity presented itself. He was successful and won a silver medal for a composition of his. At the age of 26 he was given a post in Moscow, and there started life for Tchaikovsky. Anton Rubenstein the pianist, and his brother Nicholas did much to help the every-trying Tchaikovsky.

Physically Tchaikovsky was not strong and he was rather "nervy". This prevented him some times from giving in a composition, and also greatly saddened him when a piece was rejected. But when he was 37 a generous friend allowed him enough income to continue composing. This offer greatly lightened his prospects and there after he was not so "nervy".

Success was a struggle but at last it came. His pieces had often met opposition but at last his "lucky" composition was composed. This was the opera "Eugen Oniegin". He lived in the country most of the time but several times he travelled to England to conduct there. He conducted at the Philharmonic Society in London. He also received an honorary degree at Cambridge and conducted in New York and other cities in America.

Tchaikovsky died far too early, in his fifty fourth year. There is a strange coincidence connected with his death. This is it. One day a great concert was held at Budapest in which Tchaikovsky took part. Afterwards the students carried him on their shoulders, while one of them played the "Tubular Bells". Tchaikovsky said it was a bad omen, as in Russia when there is a burial the bells are tolled. This shows his nervous state. On the way back in the train he pointed to a village graveyard and said, "I shall be buried there, and as trains go by people will point out the grave." A few days later he died of cholera.

Tchaikovsky's music was partly made up of little pieces like the "Nutcracker Suite". In his bigger musical pieces you may see that he expressed deeper thoughts and elaborated much better. That is to say they were of the "emotional" type. His most popular symphonies are the Fourth, Fifth and the "Pathetic Symphony". Other forms of music are tone poems like the one based on Romeo and Juliet. He also composed three concertos for the piano, one for the violin, Chamber music and many piano pieces.

I like Tchaikovsky's music because it is simple music with clear tunes for its subjects or themes. Then Tchaikovsky put in clearly treated tones and added beautiful harmo-

ny. Taking for instance the " Marche " from the Nutcracker Suite ; it starts with piercing notes from the brasses, then horns and trumpets join in with the clarinet. Then sombre brasses and crashing cymbals chime in to emphasize the March, and more brass music and an end with a tumultuous climax with what seems every instrument. That is why I like it, because it is easy to understand and it can change its theme quickly without hurting its fine quality.

I. B., Form 4.

ROAST CHICKEN

AT the mere mention of guests, chicken is likely to pop-up in one's mind as the best company dish — and it probably is. There are almost as many ways of cooking a chicken as there are recipes for eggs, but to me a roast chicken is nicest of all. They are certainly very handsome roasted to a golden brown, and are ideal for a big party. To achieve perfection, they may be surrounded by masses of sausages, garnished with fresh green parsley, and served with red crab-apple jelly, rich brown gravy, frothy mashed potatoes, and fresh green beans. Corn fritters are also a welcome addition.

This is how one roasts a chicken : remove pinfeathers, singe, take out tendons, draw skin back from neck, cut off neck close to body, cut out oil bag. Make an incision between the legs, running from the breastbone down, and through the opening draw the entrails. If care is taken, all the internal organs may be removed at once by separating the membrane enclosing the organs from the body. Draw the wind-pipe and crop through the neck opening. Never make an incision in the breast. Wash the inside of the bird with cloth wrung out of cold water. Wipe, stuff with mixture of soft-bread crumbs, melted butter, poultry seasoning, chopped onion, salt and pepper. Sew up opening, truss legs and wings, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, place on a rack in a dripping pan, and cook for fifteen minutes in a very hot oven. Then dredge the pan with flour, reduce the heat, and baste every ten minutes until the chicken is done, turning often. One allows fifteen minutes to the pound for roasting chicken. Remove the trussing string before sending into the dining-room. Some people make little frills of paper to put around the knuckle of the chicken legs. This hides the ugly knobby part of the leg, and keeps the fingers clean if it is necessary to grasp the leg when carving.

Giblet Gravy is still better than plain gravy, but even in its simplest form, a chicken roasted to a crisp golden colour is delicious, delectable, appetizing, delightful, succulent, tempting to the palate, and makes one's mouth water. I hope I have made you hungry, Sir !!!

A. R., Form 3.

HEROISM

THERE is heroism all over the world. Right now men are sacrificing their lives for God and their country. Here is a story about heroism.

It was in Italy about December 1943 when Captain Paul Triquet and his men were told to take a stronghold that was blocking the advance on Ortona. They

headed for the German held gully but were slowed down by German machine gun and mortar fire. There half of the men were killed or wounded, but Triquet still led his men on.

They took positions one by one, until they were on the outskirts of Casa Berardi, where they dug in and waited for reinforcements to come. For many days they held off German counter attacks, and then on the sixth day reinforcements came. There were nine of Triquet's men left.

For his valor and heroism in leading his men into battle Captain Triquet was promoted to a Major and awarded the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest military decoration.

T. R., Form 2.

A TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE

I am going on a trip, in an aeroplane, to England, with a friend. We get into a taxi and away we go to the aerodrome. We get out of the taxi, but our plane has not yet arrived, so we look about at the different planes in the field. There are Lancasters, Liberators, Curtis A25s and others, waiting to go to their destinations. In about half an hour, our plane comes in. We get in and go to our seats, take off our coats and make ourselves comfortable. After about another half an hour, the plane begins to move : it taxis off into a corner of the field and waits for the " All clear " signal. Slowly it begins to rise and away we go into the air. The time is about six o'clock. The sensation is very queer ; the aerodrome becomes smaller and smaller as we go higher, and the houses we pass far below look like a toy village. Then everything disappears, because a cloud gets in our way. It is very cold up here, so we put on extra coats. A little later our steward comes in, with the menu, and we order dinner. He puts up a table, and we enjoy a good meal. Afterwards, we read, and then our bunks are made up and we go to bed. Next morning, we get up and find that we are still flying over the Atlantic Ocean. We order breakfast, and our steward tells us that we shall be in England in half an hour. Soon the aerodrome is sighted, and presently we land and go to our hotel.

F. T. S. S., Form 1.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURE

I N our dining room there is a picture which was painted in China about a hundred years ago. It shows two men, a lady and a boy gathered around a table which stands on a balcony. On the table is a round shallow bowl in which there are two birds. One man is holding a long pipe in his hand while the other has his hands inside the sleeves of his kimono. The little boy is standing on a stool and seems to be watching the birds with great interest. The lady is standing up and is holding a blue bag in her left hand.

The man who is holding the pipe is dressed in a dark brown gown while the other is wearing a light blue one. Each man has a small, light blue hat on his head. The boy is dressed the same as the first man but the lady's clothes contain a mixture of colors.

She has a dark blue dress with a white robe over it. The back of the robe is light green. She is wearing a dark red hat on her head. To the right of where the people are standing is a large screen, painted with flowers and designs.

On the wall of the balcony are four bushes growing in some pots. The house is on a lake and there is a small island at the left of the picture. The water stretches far back but when it fades, the mainland rises in mountains.

There is a small tree growing in a box on the balcony and on one of its branches there is a small yellow bird.

The picture has no title and it is unsigned. I like this picture very much, and I suppose I might call it my favourite picture !

E. N., Form 3.

“ A HOCKEY GAME ”

*The Anthem was played, the puck dropped in place,
And the game started off at a furious pace ;
From centre to wing and from end to end,
The hard rubber disc slid around every bend ;
Over a hockey stick into the crowd,
And the clamours for action became very loud ;
Some players complied with a rush for the net,
While a pair in the ringside laid down a bet.
The crowd yelled for Richard, the pet of the game,
And the referee's whistle was drowned by the name ;
Then the "rocket" stepped out in great pomp and glory,
But his miscarried puck almost finished this story ;
For a cry of dismay had come from "Red" Dutton,
He'd just turned his head to be hit on the "button" !
He groped for his dentures now shattered to bits,
And threw the puck back while the players had fits.
Each member was eager to hold up his team,
(For the prize — Stanley Cup — was every club's dream) ;
So play was resumed with hardly a break,
As the players remembered what was at stake :
Still the game followed fast at a furious pace,
But a goal in the overtime finished the race ;
The better team won by a quick moving play,
And for all except Red 'twas a real perfect day.*

J. H. G., Form 6.

PLAN FOR A POEM

THE poet, like the prose writer and essayist, likes to put his thoughts, opinions, and feelings into words. However, there are definite steps to building up the subject matter and producing a final, well-balanced work. First, the poet must have a suitable subject or experience upon which to base his poem. Many poems are based upon dreams or wanderings of the mind, such as "Kubla Khan" by S. Coleridge or "Ode to a Nightingale" by John Keats. Others like the "Ancient Mariner", also by Coleridge, have a definite story.

The writer then collects these thoughts and experiences and must put them into words, correcting as he writes, so as to make the lines sound intelligent. Since this now written work is the result of inspiration and the author was excited when he wrote it, he must go over it — revise and correct it before giving it to the reader. If he didn't take this last step the reader would be puzzled by many ideas, which were clear to the poet but are hard for any one else to understand. Then comes the test — the poem is submitted to a reader. He looks at the final work and associates the plot with a similar experience which he has had. This may cause him to like or dislike the poem. But as people grow older their opinions often change, therefore if he read the same poem twenty-five years later he might associate it with something completely different and like it, whereas he disliked it before. Thus the poem often changes as different readers see it.

To simplify all this ; suppose the great George Jones, potential poet, sets out to discover a suitable subject matter. While venturing down a street he meets a certain Miss Smith, whom he secretly worships. Having received the necessary inspiration, he rushes back to his garret, refuses food for sixteen hours while he labours over his work dedicated to the said Miss Smith, correcting and revising as he writes. Then descending from his garret into the world of reality, he realizes he must make a few corrections, which he does, and then submits the poem for publication. The reader, not having met Miss Smith, forms his own opinions and perhaps associates the "fair maiden" in the poem with his own fiancée or with a love of his youth. The poem changes and is enlarged in this way. Every reader thinks of it differently and this continues until the reader's poem is perhaps something completely different from the original author's poem.

A good example of how different readers can form different opinions of the same quotation is to take the opening lines of Keat's "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" :

" Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen. "

The first line might cause one reader to think of his travels while another would be set to thinking about the situation in his own country by "goodly states and kingdoms".

Thus a poem is not merely a collection of meaningless words and phrases, but a work of art which bears a different message for every one.

J. A. P., Form 6.

TWO POEMS

THE GAME KEEPER

*As I was playing in the snow,
I met a man, who shot his bow ;
He shot it at a bird, he did,
Which flew to a near by tree, and hid.*

*The man ran after it fast as he could,
But could not find it in the wood ;
He looked and looked but all in vain,
Said he "To-morrow I must try again".*

*The next day, up he got to go
Into the forest, with his bow,
He trudged along, for an hour or so,
But could not even find a crow.*

KING JOHN

*Young King John was a wicked boy,
A wicked young boy was he ;
He went to Ireland when he was young,
And his own cruel way went he.*

*Older King John was a wicked young man,
A wicked young man was he ;
He killed his brother when a boy,
A very cruel king was he.*

*Old King John was a furious king,
A furious king was he ;
He drove the monks of Canterbury,
Out of their monastery.*

*Old King John was a mean old king,
A mean old king indeed ;
The barons forced him a charter to sign,
On a field, called Runnymede.*

*Yes ! King John was a wicked old king,
A wicked old king was he ;
He died of a fever, which was caused
By his own stupidity.*

F. T. S. S., Form 1.

PHOTOGRAPHY

TEN years ago, the word "photography" meant to most people an old box camera and the usual family album. Nowadays, however, nearly everybody owns one of the many types of new cameras on the market. More and more people are learning that a camera will capture your best-loved scenes. Although modern equipment makes a technical knowledge of the developing and printing process unnecessary, most amateurs like a simple explanation to help them understand how to get the best results.

The secret of photography lies in the discovery that Silver Bromide is chemically altered by exposure to light. By coating transparent celluloid with a solution containing Silver Bromide a film is made. When the shutter of the camera is opened the light records the image on the film; the brightest tones, such as sky and clouds, make a strong impression on the film, while the darker ones make a weak impression. Actually, there is no change in the appearance of the film after exposure to light, but a chemical "developer" solution blackens the film in proportion to the amount of light action. After development, the film is placed in a "fixing" solution which clears away the film coating on which there has been no light action, leaving a transparent "negative", so called because it is in reverse, the image highlights being dark and the shadows light. When this negative is printed on a piece of sensitive paper, which is like film but with a paper base, the process is again reversed and a natural photograph in black and white is the result.

Besides ordinary photography there is also color photography, once difficult even for the most expert, but now so simple and inexpensive that many thousands of camera owners are turning to this fascinating way of making pictures. Two kinds of film are available: Kodachrome, which makes positive transparencies for projection; Kodacolor, which makes negatives in complementary colors for printing on paper (Kodacolor is temporarily unavailable in Canada due to the war). These films are used in the ordinary way except that they must be sent away to a specially fitted laboratory for processing.

There are many types of cameras on the market: — box, folding or similar cameras for the amateur; miniature or reflex cameras with faster shutters and lenses for the more advanced; press cameras for newspaper work; view cameras for commercial and portrait photography. Motion picture cameras are also available for home movies.

Most amateurs take two kinds of pictures: record photographs, and pictorial photographs. Vacation pictures, family, friends, interesting places, and snapshots are classified as record pictures. Pictorial photography means the making of photographs which are beautiful regardless of subject. The clever amateur combines the two, making a record picture pictorial, which causes it to be more interesting.

Picture making is as simple as falling off a log. Dig out your old box camera and buy a film. When it is finished drop it at the corner drugstore and it will be ready in a few days. When you travel, bring back the whole story in pictures so that you can live and re-live your trip over and over again. Whatever you do, wherever you do it, there is an excellent picture making opportunity — take advantage of it, and you will acquire a priceless collection of treasured moments that live forever.

J. A. P., Form 6.

THE PRICE OF DISCOVERY

HERE is the story of the first crossing of the Takla Mahan desert by the famous Swedish explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, in the year 1895.

This desert was a strip of country two hundred miles wide lying between two streams marked on the map "Unknown". Most travellers, instead of passing through this mass of sand, detoured along an old dried up watercourse with their caravans.

It was actually the stories told by wandering nomads about sandunes two hundred feet high and jewels worth a king's ransom, buried in the remains of seven cities, that induced Dr. Hedin to attempt the crossing. Many Arabs had been lured on by these tales into the desert, some to return empty-handed with frightful stories about hardship and thirst, others to leave their bones bleaching in the ghastly wilderness.

Nothing daunted by this he definitely decided to try the crossing of a couple of hundred miles of sand, which even to such an experienced explorer was a formidable task.

He set out in April from Yarkand with a sizeable caravan and four faithful followers, all used to the terrors of desert travelling.

After a fortnight of travelling over low mounds of sand they reached a mountain which the natives had told them about. Around it were wild camels, fowls and small lakes ; a nice contrast to the unchanging colour of the dense desert. Here the doctor ordered a ten day's supply of water to be taken. Unfortunately he neglected to see that his order was carried out, and the lazy camel men only loaded up enough to last about four days. They were soon to regret this fact.

The explorers left the lakes on April 23rd. Soon there was sand and only sand as far as the eye could see. The wind died down and the air was filled with minute glassy particles which, even though their eyes were protected by heavily padded goggles, penetrated into their noses, ears and throats.

Three days after their departure from the last drop of water, they were to see for many a day, two camels died of thirst. Without turning back Sven Hedin took the lead so that they would not stray from their course. Later to the party's dismay the dull foggy atmosphere turned to blinding sunshine which added to their thirst and blistered them viciously.

In order to preserve the water the camels did not receive any, but were given all the bread instead.

That night a terrific wind arose and in a few minutes the small crystals were everywhere, choking and blinding. Without intermission this continued for hours and so, to protect the supplies, they were buried and had to be dug out in a fog as thick as pea soup. In this storm one more camel disappeared leaving five to continue the trip.

On the sixth morning after they had left the mountain, the guide Kasim, told Hedin that he thought a river would be reached after another day's journey. Foolishly all the party drank extra rations of water feeling sure that they would reach the promised haven

of the Khotan River in a short time. Little did they realize what fate had in store for them beyond the rolling hills of sand and death.

On the seventh day the camels were fed for the last time — on butter.

In desperation the men killed the last remaining sheep and tried to drink the blood, but it was too thick even for these hardy Asiatics, one of whom stole most of the two quarts of water that were left. Even Sven Hedin's iron will broke, and he gulped down some very powerful alcohol that was used to light the stove. This drink paralysed him, and the others left him to die. But die he would not ! Hedin pulled himself together and caught up to the rest of the group, leaving everything but his instruments, money and one or two other things still considered essential.

That evening Hedin, a body servant, and the guide left the other two men by the tent where they probably died.

Morning came on the ninth day of their ordeal. They had travelled only three miles during the night, which definitely shows their weakened condition. The sun's reflection dazzled and maddened them so much that they dug a hole in the sand with a spade, which Hedin had miraculously kept all through the journey, buried themselves, and covered their heads with clothes.

In the evening they found a Tamarisk bush and stumbled towards it, thanking God for His mercy. It was undoubtedly the juice from this tree that saved their lives.

In the meantime Islam, the body servant, had given up all hope and they had left him with the last two camels a good distance back.

After six days without a drop of water, the men saw a long line of shrubs — the river. Kasim, delirious with joy, collapsed completely, but Sven Hedin pushed on towards the water and life. He crawled along on all fours, pushing the spade in front of him, until he came to the bank.

He looked over. The river was dry — not a drop of water could be seen. However his determination pulled him through. There must be pools of water on the other side. It took him five hours to go two miles — but he was not yet beaten. Suddenly a wild fowl flew through the air and there was a splash of water.

Given magical strength, Sven Hedin staggered towards the spot and was soon burying his face and hands in the cool, clear liquid. But then the doctor remembered — Kasim. He filled his boots with water and hurried back just in time to save his comrade's life. The guide, however, was too weak to walk and Hedin pushed on until he met some wandering shepherds and was saved at last.

Meanwhile the faithful Islam, whose hopes had been raised by a signal fire which Sven Hedin had made, managed to get down to the water, taking the last two camels with him.

Thus the Takla Mahan Desert was conquered by a man whose fortitude has given him a place among the great explorers of the world.

L. D. R., Form 6.

A STRANGE TALE

‘I’M afraid you won’t believe this story, sir”, said the young private to his commanding officer”, but it really is the honest truth”.

“Well let’s hear it”, said the C.O., “and then I’ll tell you what I think.”

“Very well, sir. On the night of the twenty-third of October, I was sent out with four other men to scout the enemies’ lines, and whereas the other three were to return to our lines, I was to sneak past the German positions and make contact with the F.F.I. We reached our destination and obtained the information that we wanted. Then we parted and I was on my own. It must have been fairly early in the morning, perhaps an hour past midnight, and I crawled along past one or two sentries. Suddenly I tumbled over the side of a deep hole, hit my head, and lost consciousness.

Dawn was beginning to come over the land when I awoke, and I knew that if I didn’t get away soon, I would be captured. I had a terrible headache, but I managed to crawl away. Luckily I had passed through all the enemies’ defences before my accident, but even so I was still in grave danger. Furthermore, my head was far from clear, and consequently I wasn’t quite sure as to where I had been told to go. But anyway, it wouldn’t have been safe for me to seek the F.F.I. during day-light, and my main problem was to find a place to hide while day lasted.

Suddenly some impulse made me turn my head, and there, crawling along beside me was a strange soldier in a blood-spattered, World War I uniform. Completely bewildered, I followed this weird figure to a fairly large bump in the side of a hill. The ghost, for that is what he must have been, put out a battered hand and parted the bushes in front of the bump. Through the hole I could see a sort of dug-out which was in a rather ruined shape. I waited for my strange companion to enter, but he turned, shook his head, smiled, and disappeared. The sight of his face will remain with me forever. It was a young face, tired and pale, but there was a look of pride and courage in it, which made me feel that for the sake of this man, I just had to succeed in my task.

I entered the dug-out, and at once I realized that it was one from the last war, which had become grown over by grass and bushes throughout the years. Inside was an old rotten table with two mugs on it. There were two bunks with the remainder of several blankets lying on them. Finally there was a tiny, broken down stove in the corner. I spent most of the day searching around the place, and it was a very strange, even frightening experience. It was terribly damp too, and I wasn’t sorry when I left that night to get to the F.F.I.

“Well, there you are, sir, pretty fantastic, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is, but you brought back those cups with 1915 on them, which is rather convincing. I’m very inclined to believe you, if you’re sure it wasn’t the knock on the head which gave you some dream.”

“No sir, I’m sure it wasn’t that, because while scouring around in the dug-out, I found the name of my father carved on the wall, and somehow I feel it was he who led me there. You see my father was killed in 1915.”

M. C. M., Form 6.

WHY I GO TO SCHOOL

THERE are several reasons why I go to school. Here are a few : —

Education. This word is greatly misunderstood. Education does not mean learning to do and carry out that which will be of use to one in one's later life. Not at all ! Education trains the mind to think for itself, not to be satisfied with the old way, but to strive to find a new and better way. Imagine the world of to-morrow if nobody could think for himself ! The world would fall into one deep river going on forever in the same direction. For this reason we go to school.

Health and Sports. At school one also learns games or sports. Sports build up one's health as well as teaching one loyalty to one's friend, team or school, even when one is losing.

Character and Discipline. These play an important part in the quality that go to make a man. Imagine an army with no discipline ! For this reason discipline is taught at school.

School is one of nature's inventions. A bear cub goes to school. It is true that a bear's teacher is his mother, and his classmates are his brothers, but it is still school.

School has one main purpose — to train the younger generation to carry on what one's elders must leave behind.

J. H., Form 3.

CHARACTER

THE man with the best characteristics that I have ever met is Dodds Kids. He didn't take life too easily, but hardly ever sulked. He was honest, unselfish, modest, well-mannered, and was an excellent sportsman. In other words he was an ideal specimen of humanity.

Honesty was his first and best policy. I have known him, when travelling third class on a train, having found that the person who was sitting beside him had left a five dollar bill by mistake on the seat, take it, and try for a whole week to find to whom it belonged. After an unsuccessful hunt he finally gave up and put it in the collection plate at church the next Sunday !

His next outstanding quality was that he had a great sense of humour. If one chap was being "picked on" and made to look a fool, he would make a joke back at the person who had tried to hurt the other's feelings, and make him feel worse.

When as a boy, he had a friend who was a good deal poorer than himself, he would never fail to lend him his last penny to get a drink or ice cream cone, after games. He wasn't afraid to tell a person what he thought of them, unless he felt that telling the person his thoughts would make him feel very embarrassed.

He was not on a higher level than anybody else in his own thoughts. I have known him to speak for hours to the furnaceman and never known him to pass the cook or his wife's hairdresser, without taking his hat off to her and remarking on the weather.

His manners were exquisite before everyone, from the King to the butler. And he could lose as well as win, take and give alike, and was an excellent sportsman in every way.

Dodds Kids is actually fictitious and if there is anyone on this earth equal to him I would like to meet him. People that try to be like him are going the right way, though it would be practically a human impossibility to be as perfect as Dodds Kids !

And now to look over the characteristics of the different nationalities. The Scots are well known for their thriftiness. Some people think that the Scots keep their money to themselves and are misers, but that is wrong. The Scottish are just careful.

The Irish are quick-tempered and a mournful lot of people in Ireland, but elsewhere they are as good a race as any.

The comparison between the English and the Canadian is really because of the climate. While the Canadians are very excitable people and also more quickly alarmed than the English, the English are quite collected because of their damp weather all the year round.

Other countries' characters differ according to their climates, but everyone and everybody has a different characteristic wherever they come from.

A. K. P., Form 4.

FAREWELL TO H.M.C.S. "OTTER"

*Farewell to the Otter ; Farewell to her crew
Whose winding-sheet is the ocean wave,
Whose resting-place is the sea they knew,
For freedom of which their lives they gave.*

*Quiet the men of the Otter lie
Deep in the heart of the sea they roved —
Their requiem but the sea-gulls' cry
And the tears in the heart of those they loved.*

F. N., Form 1.

THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE OLD HOUSE

NOW the summer holidays had begun, the Belair family (that consisted of Grandma, Oliver, Joan, and Robin), rented an old house called "The Ghosts Home". It had been built sometime in the sixteenth century, and was said to be haunted.

The family arrived just after lunch, and the children heard that the house was haunted, so they set to work to make plans for midnight.

They all slept in the same room, and when they had been asleep a few hours, Robin was awakened by a queer noise coming down the corridor. He awoke the other two and then the door creaked open and in came a ghost. He was followed by more ghosts !

The ghosts were figures of men but they were only bones and were dressed in white.

They sang a horrible death chant, and in the middle of the procession was a stretcher on which lay a dead man.

The dead man was murdered. The children recognized him as the gardener. The ghosts had murdered him because he had stolen Grandma's purse that night. Then the procession went out of the window and vanished.

The children didn't sleep a wink for the rest of that night. In the morning they told Grandma, and she said that they had been dreaming.

But all the same that night she slept with them, and when the ghosts came again they chanted "THE GARDENER STOLE YOUR PURSE." And they gave it to her.

The police arrested the gardener next day, and the Belair family left the house forever. They left it forever, not sure if ghosts were dreams, or if dreams were ghosts.

M. J. M. B., Form 1.

THE LAST HOCKEY GAME

THE last hockey game was very exciting. It was a fast game fought between the Montreal Canadiens and the Chicago Black Hawks. Let us see how this game came to be played.

In the playoffs the first four teams are the ones that play for the Stanley Cup. The first four teams were the Montreal Canadiens, the Toronto Maple Leafs, the Detroit Red Wings, and the Chicago Black Hawks.

In the best of seven series the Habs or Canadiens overthrew the Leafs four games to one and the Hawks downed the Wings by the same score. Then the two winners met in the final series for the Championship of the N.H.L.

The first game played at the Montreal Forum was won by Montreal. The second and third games played at Chicago were won by the Habs. After these two games the Black Hawks came to Montreal to play the next game in the Montreal Forum.

There was a "capacity" crowd out to see their team win the first game. The Canadiens won the first game four to one, but the second game was not as easy. Chicago was "trailing" by three games and the Hawks knew that if they lost this last game the Canadiens would win the Stanley Cup.

The scorers in the first period were Doug. Bentley and Earl Seibert scoring for Chicago.

In the second period Bill Mosienko and Fido Purpur were the goal getters for the Windy City team while "Rocket" Richard scored the only goal for Les Canadiens. The score was now four to one in favour of Chicago.

During the last and final period the Flying Frenchmen put on the pressure. Buddy O'Connor scored on a pass from Ray Getliffe making the score four to two for the Black Hawks with 10 minutes to go. Things were looking up for Les Canadiens when they drove the puck past Mike Karakas to make the score four to three, the Hawks still holding the lead. By this time the crowd was roaring and the game had to be stopped because rubbers, programmes, pennies, hats, and "pop" bottles were being thrown on the ice.

However, after five minutes delay the game started again and there was no score till big "Butch" Bouchard scored to tie the game. In the last thirty seconds of the overtime "Toe" Blake stickhandled through the whole defence to score on a pass from Lamoureux clinching the Stanley Cup for Les Canadiens. Thus the Montreal Canadiens through fine teamwork fought their way through the National Hockey League playoffs and won the Stanley Cup.

D. B., Form 3.

CONDEMNED

*To-day is Tuesday, March the twenty-first,
The day on which my earthly life will end
Because twelve men believe that I, so cursed
With lust to kill, had slain a human friend.*

*I killed him, yes, but not for love of blood ;
He wrecked my life, and justice was my thought.
I got my justice, and have left the flood
Of daily life to pay for what I wrought.*

*They're coming now to lead me to my doom,
The warden, guards, and priest to save my soul
Which Satan soon will take from my dark tomb
To burn and boil in a blazing hole.*

*My heart is beating fast, the step is slow ;
The door is reached, and we go in Death's room.
The gallows where I'll soon swing to and fro
Stand tall and sombre casting round their gloom.*

*I have not any words to say, and climb
The steps to Death ; the noose is fastened well,
The trap is pulled and payment for my crime
Is one short pain, then passage down to Hell.*

M. C. M., Form 6.

A FALL SCENE

ONE day, when we were staying at St. Marguerite's for the week-end, I decided that I would get up early the next morning and go for a stroll in the woods.

When I went outside, the sun was just rising. It was a glorious view to see ; the sun with its orange rays slowly rising in the distance ; the forest with trees and falling leaves below ; and a cool fresh early morning atmosphere in the air.

As I strolled along in the woods, looking at all the different kinds of leaves and all their beautiful colours, I thought how different this scene would be in winter.

The slowly undressing trees would be heavily laden with snow in place of their leaves, and the fir trees would emerge out more green than ever.

Would it be more beautiful than this scene I was looking at now, I wondered ! But by the time I had finished my walk I knew ; and the answer was " No ".

As I went on, I saw a pair of squirrels chasing each other up a tree. Next, I saw some wild flowers of the most beautiful shades fitting in with the scene in every way. As I went further on, the wind had blown one flower so that it was just touching the other, and as I didn't want to disturb their flirtations I tiptoed away !

And then, as I came out of the other side of the woods, there was a lake. The sun had not quite risen and all the beauty of the surrounding scenery was reflected in the dark bluish green colour of the water.

Never in my life had I seen such a sight of magnificent colour and beauty.

A. K. P., Form 4.

A P L A Y

DRAMATIS PERSONAE :

Duke Sitinthemud : — *Duke of Sinfeld.*

Lady Amaryllis Sitinthemud : — *His wife.*

Sir Tristram Beataknight :
Sir Ulrich Rideahorse :
Sir Philbert the Fleet :
} *Courtiers.*

Lord Robin of Gilfort : — *The Duke's counsellor.*

Phineas The Jester.

Messengers and courtiers, ladies-in-waiting.

ACT I — SCENE I

Scene : — Sinfeld. Courtroom in the Duke's palace.

Enter the Duke, Lord Robin, Jester, and courtiers.

Duke (raising his eyeglass to peer at Lord Robin) : Well ? How is the war going ?

Lord Robin : I have not heard, m'lord.

Duke : There is no news ?

Lord Robin : No, Sire. (He starts to leave.)

Duke : Whither away ?

Jester : Truly, I wither away, Sire, if that cruel cook of yours continues to starve me !

Duke (laughing) : Whither goest thou, Lord Robin ? (Enter messengers panting.)

Messenger : Sire ! Sire ! our armies are coming to the city and you must help them.

Duke : What ? Defeated already ?

Jester : Frightened of a mouse, no doubt !

Duke : Silence, Phineas, with your babbling. (To messenger) What is it ?

Messenger : They are but fainting, Sire, pretending to run.

Jester : Saith he fainting ? Mayhap they need smelling salts.

Messenger : But, Sire, they need your help.

Duke : Well then, call Sir Tristram, Sir Ulrich and Sir Philbert, Phineas.

Jester : Yes Sire, and if needs be I'll use my bauble to make them jump. (Exit.)

Duke : If that jester thinks he can move the fat Sir Tristram with that toy, he is much mistaken.

(Enter Lady Amaryllis with ladies-in-waiting.)

Lady Amar : (Primly raising her lorgnette) : Lord Robin, what are you doing in my presence ?

Lord Robin : Pardon, m'lady, but I am in the Duke's presence.

(Enter jester and the knights. They bow to the Duke, then two of them talk, while Sir Philbert goes over to talk to the girls. There ensues much giggling and whispering from that part of the room).

Duke : Amaryllis, do not interfere with my business.

Lady Amar : I will ; send away that horrible man, at once.

Duke (meekly) : Yes, dear. Go, Lord Robin.

(Enter a messenger.)

Mess : Sire, the enemy is beaten, and we have won.

Jester : In truth, that must have taken many canes !

(EXEUNT).

G. R. S., Form 4.

THE SUGAR DERBY

*We have the Sugar Derby,
When the skiing's nearly done ;
It's a masquerade race
And gives us lots of fun.*

*The St. Margaret's Ski Club gives it,
And it's always been sunny.
We have it on Mount Baldy,
Which is lots of fun for me.*

*We call it the Sugar Derby
Because the snows like sugar fine,
Nice and crisp and crunchy
Like a lobster from the brine.*

*Men skiing on barrel staves,
Looking queer in dress suits,
And fierce-looking pirates
Smoking long black cheroots.*

*Some dressed in pyjamas,
Some, skirts, with false curls
And wicked old devils
Who turn out to be girls.*

*A grass-skirted hula,
With his dog dressed to match
And a queer skiing horse
Make a gay-looking batch.*

*It's a slalom course we ski on,
With many turns and flags,
And jumps and ruts a-plenty,
In between the crags.*

*After, when it's over,
We have a picnic there,
Sandwiches, cake and cocoa
In the crisp mountain air.*

*We start, then, throwing snow balls.
We make them hard and round,
And if you are not careful
We'll hit you hard and sound.*

*But now the day is over,
And we go skiing home,
But I'll be up to-morrow
The Laurentian Hills to roam.*

SELWYN HOUSE OLD BOYS NOW AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Ballon, Jonathan D.	B.Sc. 2
Bovey, Christopher A. Q.	B.Eng. 1
Carlisle, Arthur E.	B.Com. 1
Chase, William H.	B.Sc. 1
Chipman, John	B.A. 2
Dobell, Anthony R. C.	B.Sc. 1
Goldbloom, Richard B.	B.Sc. 4
Goldbloom, Victor C.	Med. 3
Hallward, Hugh G.	B.A. 2
McLennan, Hugh	B.Sc. 2
Millar, Huntly D.	B.Sc. 1
Morgan, David W.	B.A. 1
Norsworthy, D.F.C., Hugh H.	B.Com. 1
Patterson, Alan D.	B.Sc. 1
Patterson, Donald L.	B.Sc. 1
Peck, James R.	B.A. 1
Pope, Frank	B.Com. 1
Robertson, Douglas P.	B.Sc. 1

At Christmas, Andrew Hugessen left the Faculty of Engineering to join the Navy, and Irvine Robertson left first year Science to join the Active Army.

Hugh Norsworthy, Jim Peck and Frank Pope, recently discharged from the R.C.A.F., came to McGill at the beginning of the second term.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE

7th Form :

MACKENZIE, A. Head boy. 1st Ski Team. 1st Football Team.

STEVENSON, R.W. Prefect. Choir. Cadet Lt. Was unable to play football owing to a back injury. Orphan Hockey Team.

Form 6.A :

BRONFMAN, E. Senior. 2nd Crease Football. Orphan Hockey Team.

DAY, B. Head Boy. Captain of 2nd Football Team. 1st Hockey Team. Players Club.

GAULT, L.H. Head Boy. 1st Football Team. 1st Hockey Team.

STOKER, D.N. Prefect. Choir. 1st Football Team. 1st Hockey Team (Goaler). Cadet Major.

Form 5.A :

BRONFMAN, P. New Boy. 3rd Crease Football. Midget Hockey.

SEELEY, G. Neutral. Under 16 Football Team.

VASS, D. New Boy. 2nd Crease Football. Midget Hockey.

Form 5B :

CLEVELAND, H. Senior. Band Sergeant in Cadet Corps. Senior "A" Ski Crease. 2nd Team Football. Sub. 1st Team Football.

Form 4A :

BALLANTYNE, J.M. New Boy. Top of Class. Junior "A" Ski Crease. 3rd Crease Football.

LE MESURIER, E. New Boy. 2nd Crease Football. Midget Hockey.
(sub-goaler). Magazine Staff. French Club.

MOLSON, R. New Boy. 1st in Class. Cadet Corps Band. 3rd Crease Football. Midget Hockey. Magazine Secretary. Ship Club.

STAIRS, G. Neutral. French and Latin Prizes 1944. (3A). 3rd Crease Football. Players Club.

Form 3A :

FURSE, G. New Boy. Cadet Corps Band. 3rd Crease Football.

WHITEHEAD, E. Neutral. 3rd Crease Football.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE

Form 6 Scholarship :

DAWSON, V. House Officer. Sacristan. Sergeant, Cadet Corps. "Record" Staff. Bigside Soccer, Colours. Bigside Hockey, Colours. Bigside Cricket. Tennis Team.

DOBELL, P.C. Prefect. Study Privileges. Editor-in-Chief, the "Record". President, Political Science Club. School Council. Debates Committee. Debating Team. Music Appreciation Club. Second in Command, Cadet Corps. Bigside Football, colours. Vice-Captain, Bigside Hockey, Colours. Bigside Cricket. Squash Team. Captain, Track Team. Winner, Bigside Track Aggregate.

WHITE, G.D. Head Librarian. Ski Patrol.

Form 6-A :

CURRIE, G.N.M. House Officer. Corporal, Cadet Corps. Political Science Club. Middleside Football. Middleside Hockey. Dramatic Society ; took important part in organizing Christmas Entertainment.

PATERSON, R.C. House Officer. Business Manager, the "Record". Political Science Club. Corporal, Cadet Corps. Dramatic Society. Debates Committee. Debating Team. Middleside Football.

Form 6-B :

HOPE, R.A. House Officer. Political Science Club. Choir. Corporal, Cadet Corps. Middleside Football. Bigside Hockey. Bigside Cricket, Colours.

REFORD, E.B.M.

Form 5-A :

BRONFMAN, E.M. Littleside Hockey.

DOBELL, W.M. "Record" staff. Political Science Club. Music Appreciation Club. Middleside Football, Colours. Littleside Hockey, Colours. Track Team. Winner, Littleside Track Aggregate.

DURNFORD, J.W. Study privileges. Skiing. First in Christmas Examinations.
LEHMAN, G.W. Study Privileges. First in Class. Political Science Club. Middleside Soccer, Colours. Littleside Cricket.
NEWCOMB, W.K. Vice-Captain, Littleside Hockey.
PALMER, W.H.M. "Record" Staff. Choir. Littleside "B" Football.
TAYLOR, G.B. Middleside Hockey.

Form 5-B :

CAMPBELL, J. B. Sacristan. Band. Vice-Captain, Middleside Soccer. Middleside Hockey.
DOBSON, J.W. "Record" Staff. Music Appreciation Club. Middleside Soccer, Colours. Middleside Hockey.
HALLWARD, J.M. Study Privileges. Second in Class. "Record" Staff. Political Science Club. Band. Littleside "B" Football.
STANGER, G.E. Ski Patrol.

Form 4-A 2 :

BLACK, L.K. Littleside "B" Hockey.
CAMPBELL, D.A. Band. Littleside Soccer. Ski Patrol.
KINGMAN, A. Study Privileges. Second in class. Littleside "B" Hockey. Moved up from III-A.

Form 3-A :

MORGAN, J.D. Band.
MORGAN, J.S. Study Privileges.

Form 3-B :

WELSFORD, H.W.
JUNIOR SCHOOL

Form 3 :

THOMPSON, N.F. Librarian. Vice-Captain. Rugby Team, Colours. Captain, Hockey Team, Colours. Cricket Team, Colours. Gym. Team, Colours.

Form 2-B :

SOUTHAM, W.J.H. Soccer Team. _____

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Form 5-A :

COTTINGHAM, W. Does well in Class. Senior Soccer.
MORISON, J. Good average in Class. Senior Soccer. Senior Hockey.
ROBERTON, J. Senior Basketball.
TÉTRAULT, A. Does well in Class. Poetry Prize. Librarian.
TÉTRAULT, J. First in Class. Vice Captain of Senior Soccer. Senior Basketball.

Form 4-A :

HOLLAND, P. Senior Hockey.

Form 4-B1 :

BALLON, B. 13 and Under Hockey.

